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ANOTHER YEAR.

BY S. E. W.

The vines I planted did not grow—
I saw them in my dreams in fair completeness
Make Heaven throughout my lonesome room,
In whispering snowy sweetness.
They tried awhile their languid life to raise,
As though in answer to my coaxing touch,
And then, like hearts whom we love overmuch,
And twine about with all our hopes and praise,
They drooped and faded from the teeming earth,
Unknowing all the joy of coming days.
I fear their roots are dead, their leaves are sere—
And yet they may bloom forth another year,

Another year may warm the heart
That only throbs for self, all cold, untender;
The wild way meet some valley sweet,
Glowing in sunset splendor.
Another year, oh! in you silent land
My mountains in their purple glory rise,
And olden dreams thrill 'neath the yearning skies;
I know that, though long exiled, I shall stand
Among my own once more, and hear their songs
Swell into glorious anthems sweetly grand.
Send thou, oh glorious Presence! ever dear,
And bid me still hope on another year!

ALONG THE LINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA" "UNDER WILD SKIES" ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE AT CALKTON STATION.

TICKETS—tickets—tickets! Change here for Mowbrow-rantan Chowlly-wogglestrockerang!"

"Change here, porter?"

"No, sir—keep your seat, sir. All going on."

"But somebody said change here."

"Yes, sir—no, sir. It's all right, sir."

"Porter do we give up our tickets here?"

"No, m'm—keep your seat, m'm."

"But, porter, somebody said—"

"Tickets—tickets! Change here for Mowbrow-rantan, Chowlly-wogglestrockerang!"

"There, porter; you're wrong. What a shame it is that—"

"Keep your seats please! John Black just chuck my jacket over that there bird's cage, will you? It's on your bench by the lamps."

I took Abel Crookes's jacket off the bench and threw it over his parrot's cage when the bird gave two bobs up and down, looked wickedly at me out of one eye, and then, evidently concluding that it was roosting time, crouched on to its perch, and became silent.

But there was plenty of noise on the platform, Bell having to run from carriage door to door, and assure the people that unless they wanted to go to Beamish, Dunbro', Talleyford, or intermediate stations, they need not change.

Then the questions about stations were answered, people grumbled, a few did get out for the two branch lines, doors were banged, the whistle sounded, the train panted off on its long journey, and then one-armed Bell took his barrow with the silent wheels and disposed of the passengers' luggage very cleverly, before coming to me, and whispering—

"Now there's going to be a row!"

Bell was right; for Tod, our station-master, came slowly along the platform, buttoned up to the chin, and looking very formidable with that military walk of his.

As he came near, he pulled out his watch and looked from it to me; but as I had half an hour to the good before going on duty, I took no notice, but looked on as he made for Bell.

"Crookes!" he exclaimed, speaking like a general to a private—Tod has a hundred a-year and the rooms over the station, while Abel Crookes has eighteen shillings a week and no residence; so, of course there's a great deal of difference in position between them—"Crookes!" he exclaimed, "if ever that bird is brought to the station again, I shall report you to the general manager's office."

"Very sorry it spoke," said Bell in an ill-used tone.

"I shouldn't have brought it, only the missus has gone up town and the cat—"

"That will do, sir," said Tod, fiercely. "Get to your duties. As I said, if that bird is brought to the station again, I shall report you."

He faced round in his most soldierly fashion again, looked at me, looked intently at the station clock, and, still not satisfied, had a look at his watch once more; but, as I still had twenty minutes to spare, he could not touch me, so he went in, and Bell began to grumble.

"Just please him, it would," he said fumbling in his jacket pocket and bringing out a brass tobacco box and a piece of flannel, which he held with his knees.

"He'd like the cat to have got at the bird, and tear'd it all to pieces."

Wing-tang!

That was the bright, golden-looking station bell, which sounded twice as Abel lifted it off its block under the booking-office window.

But he took it by the tongue the next instant, sat himself down on the barrow, put the bell between his knees, and then opening the tobacco box, which contained rotten-stone and oil, he began to scour and polish that which was already bright enough, and I looked on.

Poor Abel Crookes lost his arm one day in shunting, but he did as much work with one arm as many men did with two.

He worshipped that bell—he made a brazen idol of it; and if a passenger looked at it, and said "What a beautiful bell!" either as it stood upon its block or when Abel had rushed frantically at it to swing it over head and announce a coming train, Abel was happy for the rest of the day.

"If he wants to report something," grumbled Abel, polishing away at his bell, while his empty jacket sleeve swung loose, "why don't he report as the stove in my room's burned through the pipe; or that the sleepers down by the siggle lamp's rotten; or that my uniform aint been renewed for fifteen months?"

Abel's uniform was a very shabby, greasy cord suit of porter's clothes, but he always called it his uniform.

"He talks to me as if I were a dog," said Abel, rubbing away; and then giving the bell a polish which made it shine again, he held it up, and smiled as he looked at his face pictured in the convex surface till it looked like a squeezed muffin, when he seemed to be relieved, replaced his piece of oily flannel and the tobacco box, put the bell back on its stand, nodded to me, and we stood looking at each other.

That bell was a blessing to Abel, for whenever he had a minute to spare he had a polish at it, and as it came bright so did the mirror of the man's existence; for no matter how put out he had been before, a look at the bell cured him.

So great was his love for that bell, that as it became known, people dropped the first letter in his name, and he was always called "Bell Crookes," far and near.

For the people of Calkton had a knack of giving nicknames, and there was scarcely a well-known person who was not called by some quaint appellation.

I had mine—but let's finish describing Bell Crookes first; for he was my landlord, and a good fellow he was, in spite of his plain face, stubbly hair which wouldn't part anywhere, and his still stiff, bristly whiskers, on which he used to browse righ' and left when he was not busy with his bell.

One peculiarity of Bell was his ears, which instead of lying flat to either side of his head, used to stand out almost at right angles, and, being very large, they used to hinder his cap from going down over his eyes.

People made them a favorite subject for joking, saying they had come like that on account of his listening to the coming trains.

"My time's about up now, Bell," I said, as he stood just inside his room, holding the door closed upon his neck, so that he looked as if he was cutting off his head—

"I'm going on."

"Right," said Bell; "I'll touch the wire when the missus is coming with the dinner."

He did not cut his head off, but took it out of the slit, buttoned his loose right jacket sleeve to his chest, and disappeared, while I went on to my duty—I, you know, Jack in the Box a signal-man.

* * * * * * * *

Let's start fair; so don't you go and think I'm a firework that fizzes for a minute, and then goes off bang, and sends a lot of crackers spitting and sputtering in the air.

Again don't you go and suppose I'm one of those puppets you buy at the toy-shop, which pop up as soon as you take off a lid; because this is what I am: John Black, a big-headed, broad-shouldered fellow, five feet nine high, with a short, curley head of hair, at least it would be, only I get it cut so close, to make up for letting my beard grow so long and all over my face, as it does, till my dark grey eyes seem to be looking out of a bird's nest made of cocoanut fibre.

I've got a brown face, and a white forehead where my cap covers it; and when I was a young noodle I used to call myself good-looking.

That's the man who tells you this.

Ah, but I've forgot my dress.

Here it is: dark velvety cord jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, with a gooseberry-shaped patch on the collar, on which is marked G. U. R., and I've three brass letters like them on my cap.

It was those young rascals of boys who christened me "Jack in the Box" because of my being in the box below the station—that wooden shed place between the railroad and the high road, looking like a boat-house that has walked ashore on its four long post legs, and taken to windows.

The young scamps!—they used to make me jump again when I first came, by throwing stones against the boarded sides as they went to school.

The pebbles would come with such a crack, that I used to run to one of the windows to see what was the matter, when they'd shout out a doggerel rhyme they'd made in my honor, and run away as hard as they could.

Well, it didn't hurt me, and of course it pleased them, and by degrees they got tired of it: but the name stuck to me like wax.

I sauntered down to my box slowly enough, thinking of my life, and what a curious one it was.

Then I wished that I had another ten minutes to spare, and somebody to call me; for I had wasted half an hour's sleep.

I meant to have gone into Bell's room, amongst the lamps, lain down on a bench, and gone to sleep, telling him to awake me in time to go on duty; only that upset stopped me.

You see, I have to take all the sleep I can; and I've got into the habit of lying or sitting down, and taking it when I can. I do this, you see, so as to get a good stock of rest on hand.

I call it getting my sleep-cistern ready for emergencies; for often, you know, I'm on signal duty sixteen, eighteen—ay! and I've been twenty-four—hours on a stretch!

It wouldn't do for me to be sleepy at such times, for on me there hangs a good deal—perhaps the lives of two or three hundred people; so of course it's wise to get a nap when it's possible.

It comes by use, you see.

I can lie down and go off like a top, in a moment; and when I'm off duty, that's my recreation—taking rest, heaps of it; for it serves two purposes, sets me well up for my work, and makes me forget the past.

It's a fine thing, sleep; I love it, and the less I get the more I long for it.

As I tell you, it hides the past and makes me forget the life I might have lived.

Drowns away the recollection of a sweet, loving face, with dear, earnest eyes that looked into mine; while two soft, moist lips returned my kisses so sweetly, so innocently, that I took them as treasures sacred as they were dear.

And it downs away, too, the memory of kisses that were bought—of poisonous champagne and garish gaslight, fevered folly and the madness of an idiot.

It downs all this, I tell you, and gives me instead of another life—a life of dreams in which I live peacibly.

Here, as signalman at Calkton Station, I am but a flesh and blood machine, bought for twenty-four shillings a week; and now I am wound up for awhile I'm going on duty, thanking my stars I have learned to drown my cares after my own fashion, and not like Ned Hassall, whom I haven't seen for a week.

Here's my box.

I go up the ladder and enter it, relieving Gummer, who does duty when I'm off; and he tells me that Beamish has just signalled the ten-four, and goes.

The Beamish train will be a good ten minutes before it comes thundering by, for it don't stop here; so you can take a look round with me before it comes now that James Gummer has closed the door and gone.

This is my box—built of deal, you see; light, airy, and inelegant, it possesses the advantages of being unbearably hot in summer and bitterly cold in winter.

The ventilation is perfect; for the wind comes up between the boards, and even through the slight roof, and rushes in at every one of those knot-holes of the planks at the side when it can't get in at the cracks of those windows which fit so badly that they rattle and shiver; while the lamps nearly get puffed out at night.

That's my cupboard: that flap's my desk; that rusty affair in the corner's my stove, which I hardly light in winter—for I've always thought the man must have put the pipe on upside down, as the smoke that should go out into the open air comes backward into my box, and one's enough to smoke at a time here, and that one's Jack, to keep himself awake.

So far, so good.

You see those three things like attempts at young American clocks? Well, those are my telegraphic, old-fashioned needle instruments.

That one quivering still in the face is the one that told of the Beamish train on the way.

See those iron handles all in a row? Well those are the levers to move signals and points.

Look, I move this.

Click, clack!—that's the distance signal down.

All right for the Beamish ten-fourteen; and you'll soon see it come along, with a rush that will make the place quiver again. If I'd left that lever alone, the train would have been stopped.

That lever I touch now would, if I altered it, send the Beamish ten-fourteen off the down line on to the up, just the other side of the station; and five minutes after it would go full tilt into Talleyford fast up train, which don't stop here either; and

then—well, you can guess what would happen if two trains going at forty miles an hour ran into each other.

It's a useful lever, though, that; and I shunt luggage trains off with it from one line to another while faster trains go by.

Then those other levers move semaphore signals, switches of sidings for shunting, and so on.

That's the ten-fourteen whistle.

The signals are all right; and if you look in imagination along the line, you'll see the train dash out of the tunnel directly, and then away it goes by us, in a cloud of steam, smoke, and soot; while either Joe or Abel Crookes with his sleeve tucked up stands with the "All right" flag shown on the platform.

Well, you know me now, and my box, so I may as well get on ahead.

What did I do that for?

Why, that lifts the signal again that I put down at all right to let the train pass. It's now at danger to keep another train from coming on; and that touch of the instrument handle which made the needles click was the message sent on to Talleyford that the ten-fourteen has passed here—Calkton—five minutes late.

I've given you now this peep into my box, so that you may understand what is to come—for of course it is against rules, and very rightly, that anybody should come in; so now we'll go on with the part of the story that I've got to tell.

I told you that I'm a sort of machine, an automaton when on duty; so you must not be surprised to find that I am rather soulless sometimes, and act more like an image than a man.

* * * * * *

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and all very quiet—for I had just got rid of a mineral that was late, and had to leave four coal trucks with us, and a passenger just due, when there was the sound of a few shot rattling on the window, and my cap began to move up and down on my forehead, as it always does when I'm annoyed and twitch my eyebrows.

I knew what it was, and slid back the window looking over the road.

"Well!"

"May I come up?"

"No!"

"Just for five minutes, John; and by all that's sacred, I'll go again as soon as they're over!"

"'Gainst the rules, Ned," I said, gruffly "and I won't break them. What do you want?"

"Oh, John! my dear John! I can't tell you here. Let me come up!"

"Say what you've got to say, man be quick. I've another train soon!"

"Then let me come up, John, there's a dear, good fellow, and I'll tell you."

"Say what you've got to say. What do you want—money?"

"Don't put it in that way, John—don't, there's a good fellow. You know I hate borrowing money."

"I know you did hate it—once Ned, when we were both men," I said, bitterly. "Before I became a machine, and you a——"

"A beast, John. Yes, say it—a beast," he whimpered.

"I know, John. It's quite true. A beast—a loathsome, drinking beast, that some one ought to put out of his misery."

"Why don't you give it up then?"

I said this, savagely.

"You've been drinking all the week, I suppose."

"Yes, John."

"And spent a week's income in drink?"

"Yes, John"—pitifully.

"I'm ashamed of you, Ned. You do nothing but disgrace my name."

"I can't help it, John—I can't indeed, John. 'Pon my word, I can't," he groaned. "I promised you I'd leave it off."

"You did—a hundred times."

"And I did try, John, old friend; but it's got such a hold of me."

"That's what you always plead," I said.

"Ah—but, John, you don't know—you can't tell. I'm obliged to drown it all, somehow."

"But it takes such a deal of drowning," said I, grimly, as I thought of my own plan.

"It does, John—it does, I know; but I'm obliged to do it—obliged to come here, a poor, humbled, broken-down sot, to beg of you.

"Lend me a shilling, John—for God's sake, lend me a shilling!"

"If I lend you a shilling," I said, "will you promise me you'll try and break yourself of this cursed habit?"

"I will, John, I will—I will indeed," he said.

And then, as I fumbled in my waistcoat for the coin, he stood with his bloodshot eyes staring up at me, his cracked, dry lips parted, and his fingers crooked in his eagerness to get that which would enable him to quench the dreadful thirst that was upon him.

"And you will try!" I said.

"Try!" he said, huskily, and with a despairing look in his face; "I have tried, John till I'm ready to give up in despair."

"Catch," I said laconically.

And I threw down the shilling, which he caught, dropped from his palsied hands and knees to search for it in the grass.

"Thank you, John—thank you," he said, as he found the coin.

"I think you'd better curse me, for putting another nail in your coffin,"

"Don't—don't—pray don't!" he half shrieked.

"I shall be dreaming of coffins all night now, unless I can get brandy to send me to sleep.

"Oh, John, how could you! This beggarly shilling won't be enough now."

"Ned, old fellow," I said, "I shall have to take you in hand myself, and try to cure you."

"Too late, John, too late!" he groaned despairingly, as he crouched there on his knees, pressing the shilling between his hands.

"I don't know about that," I said, musingly, as I thought of his two pounds a week regular income, and how I could manage him if he left it in my hands.

"Come up to me to-night, I shall be off duty at ten."

"You want to stop my drink, John," he said, dolefully.

"John, old fellow, if you take away my brandy, I shall die."

"You come up to me to-night," I said sharply.

"Yes, John, yes," he said pitifully. "I'll come—I'll come."

"Then now be off; I've a train nearly due."

"Yes, John," he said, humbly. And he went away, shuffling over the ground, like some decrepit old man bleared, bent, palsied; and as I stood leaning out of my window, looking after him, and thought of the fine, straight, handsome young fellow he was half a dozen years before, I gave quite a groan, and turned away, feeling more miserable than I had ever felt in my life.

I was too busy to think, though; for there was the mid-way short mopper to come from Dunbro', and then there were the main line up and the fast down London that crosses our line and goes round by Parket, Wusby, and Lawnton.

So I busied myself over my signals, and then stood watching the telegraph needles, and listening to my big Æolian harp, which was singing in the breeze at a tremendous rate; for there are twelve wires stretched along the telegraph poles at Calkton, and the way in which they sing sometimes, especially of a breezy night, is enough to send a lonely man melancholy mad.

"Twelve-fifteen," I said to myself, smiling as I heard wheels.

"It's wonderful how punctual that old girl is."

According to my custom every day at this time, I looked out of the window, and there, coming along the dusty white road, from the big red-brick house at the end of the town, came the old lady in her open carriage, the same as she had come every day during the eighteen months that I had been signal-man at Calkton, to which I was promoted after a couple of years as porter at the terminus, where I used to help with the signals, and picked up working the telegraph needle instrument.

For all that time, regular to a minute that lady used to come, wet or dry, summer or winter, as she came now, in her open yellow carriage, drawn by two of the oldest, slowest, fattest horses you ever saw, and driven by the heaviest, sleepiest-looking coachman.

Miss Lint they said her name was; and there she used to sit—a little, stiff, thin, sedate old lady, in a black silk drawn bonnet; and always, summer or winter, in a great squirrel fur tippet.

She was keen and handsome-looking still with her well-shaped squiline nose and white forehead, with its little cluster of white curls on each side; and the people about the station used to say she'd taken a fancy to me and that was why she came.

There she sat, as usual, with three fat pet dogs before her on the seat, as the fat horses slowly stumbled up, till they drew the carriage on one side of the road opposite to my box, in a place marked by its wheels in the green turf, and the jarvey used to pride himself on driving right in the same grooves day after day; and, as I approached the window, she gave me a short sharp nod, the three dogs each gave a bark, and she tapped them on the head with her parasol handle, and then they waited, sitting up and watching her.

At the end of a minute the coachman began to nod, and threatened to roll off his box, when the lady gave him a poke in the small of the back with the sharp ivory point of her parasol to wake him up.

Then the dogs would drop off asleep, the horses lay their heads together and doze, and only the old lady be awake, sitting up there, sharp as a needle, watching the rail.

Then came my busy time; for what with telegraphing, changing signals, and sending one train one way and another the other by a turn of the levers, I had enough to do till they had all thundered by, when I stopped to wipe my forehead, thinking, as I always did, what a smash there would be if I ever happened to make a mistake.

By that time the old lady had given the coachman a sharper poke with the ivory parasol end, and woke him up.

He then appealed to the feelings of his dozing horses with the whip, and one dog said "Bow," this woke his neighbor, who said, "Wow," and number three opened his eyes to utter a hoarse "Wuph," when the wheels slowly went round, taking the upright old lady away, just as it had all happened for months; and then I was alone once more.

This brought me, with a little telegraphing, to one o'clock, when there was a sharp "Hem!" below, and I got ready for fishing tackle.

That makes you open your eyes—a signal-man who couldn't leave his box, fishing where there was no water.

But wait a bit!

I took my hook and line to the window, lowered the hook, and got a bite directly; for there was little Mrs. Crookes bright, and clean, and smiling—with two little cross-handled baskets, and two little tin corked-up cans; and she put my hook through the handles, smiling up at me the while as I hauled up my fish—which, of course means my dinner.

For Mrs. Crookes had struck against the ladder steps that led up to my box, and no wonder; while Tod, our station-master, had once threatened to report me for coming out of my box when on duty; so I had invented the fishing tackle, and kept it hanging handy by the window.

"What is it to-day, old lady?"

I said, giving a hungry sniff; for I never know; my plan being to give her a pound a-week, for which she and Bell used to find me in a neat little bed-room, wash for me and feed me, while I used to share their little sitting-room or, kitchen, whichever they were in.

Mrs. Crookes did no stop to answer, for it was a hot day, and she had Bell's dinner in his basket; so that, almost as soon as I had asked my question, she was hurrying away towards the station meeting Tod, who passed her with a suitable look of disgust upon his countenance; and I set to at my dinner, mentally wondering how Mrs. Bell could contrive to feed us so well and so amply as she did.

The "old lady," as I used to call her, always waited in Bell's room till he had done his dinner, cutting his meat up for him sometimes, and pouring out his mug of beer, or covering up his plate if he had to run out—which generally happened; for if Tod knew the poor fellow was having a meal, he generally found out two or three jobs for him to do.

Then she used to pack up and come away, calling for my things on the way back: and then I was alone with my work once more.

I'm going into these little matters, because they tell in one day what was almost a year of my life in its unchanging way; but it grew more eventful farther on, as you shall hear.

I didn't have much time for thinking during the rest of the day, for mine was a busy place, and the number of trains that I had to signal and to shunt in the course of a day was something startling.

It used to keep my mind terribly on the stretch at first; but by degrees I got accustomed to it, though never so contented that I could feel safe: for, so to speak, there was always the shadow of a great accident hanging over my head.

During the afternoon, at times when I had a few minutes to spare, I got thinking over the regular visits of the old lady, and wondered how anybody could be so childish as to make a journey every day regularly on purpose to see three trains pass a junction; and somehow, I do not know how it was, that old lady, Miss Lint, was a great deal in my thoughts.

Then I got thinking about Ned Hassall, and the appointment I had made with him and began making my plans too, reckoning things up—how much money I had saved; and at last, at ten o'clock, when Gummer came on to relieve me—for it was one of my early nights—I was about ready for Ned.

In spite of all I could think to the contrary, there was the same feeling always troubling me—that to some extent I was answerable for Ned's state; and I so worked myself up to this that I had come to the conclusion that it was my duty to save him, and that's what I was going to try to do.

CHAPTER II.

OUT OF MY BOX.

"HALLO!"

I said to myself, as I got up to the path of the neat little cottage—"here's a row on."

And I stopped to let it get over; and, leaning on the gate, I lit my pipe, and stood looking through the dim light of the soft summer night at Bell's strip of well-kept garden, with its row of flowers along by the path; and beyond them the well-weeded onions, neatly planted-out cabbages, and rows of potatoes nicely earthed up, and now all ornamental with their lilac and orange blossoms.

"It's wonderful what a pretty flower a potato bears," I thought to myself, as I picked one, and stuck it in the button-hole of my jacket; and then I listened, for I could not help hearing the words that came out of the open door.

"It's too bad, Abel—it is indeed!" says Mrs. Crookes.

Then Bell began his bit of a song, which he always started to tease his wife, who was about the most amiable little woman under the sun.

> "At Waterloo he lost an arm,
> Which caused him pain, and great alarm."

sang Abel.

"Do be quiet, Abel," says his wife. "The neighbors will hear you."

> "His wife would hang him left and right,
> So he determined, out of spite,
> To have an arm, cost what it might
> Ri tooral looral—"

"Hallo, Black, is that you?" he said, stopping short in his chorus.

"There's that friend of yours been up and wanted you, and the missus has been in her tantrums about it."

"Indeed, John Black, I was not," said Mrs. Bell, sharply, as she bit a piece of cotton off the reel, and then began to thread her needle.

"I only said that I was sorry to see him coming so much after you; and so I am."

"No a very pleasant-looking companion, is he?" I said, drily.

"It isn't that," said Mrs. Bell, sharply; "the poor man can't help his looks; but—"

"You're afraid I shall take to his ways, eh?" I said.

Mrs. Bell did not answer; only gave her scissors a snip.

"It's rather awkward that you should think ill of him, Mrs. Bell," I said, quietly; "because I was going to ask you to have him, too, as a lodger."

"Lord bless us and save us!" exclaimed the little woman, quite taken aback.

"Eh! I couldn't think of such a thing, John Black.

"Why, when he came here a quarter of an hour ago he was—"

"Like most men are when they've been pouring brandy down their throats—eh, Mrs. Bell?" I said.

"Yes, I know.

"Poor fellow!

"He's in a bad way: but I want to see if I can't cure him."

Mrs. Bell's work dropped on her knees, and she laid the little, work-roughened hand that held needle and thimble on my arm, and looked in my face, as I went on—

"You see, Ned Hassall's an old friend of mine, and it worries me to see him going to the dogs like he is, day after day."

Bell whistled a bar of the "Steam arm," and looked comically at his wife, who shook her finger at him.

"I'd been thinking that if you'd fit up the little back room for me—"

"Why, your legs would stick out on the landing!" said Bell.

"Be quiet Abel!" exclaimed the little woman.

Bell began to whistle a bit more "Steam arm," as the parrot covered over in the corner, said, in a drowsy, husky voice, "Tickets! tickets!"

"I could sleep there," I went on; "and Hassall could have my room."

Mrs. Bell sighed.

"He has an annuity of two pounds a week," I went on, "and he should pay you twenty-five shillings a week for board and lodging—his board being nothing for he eats scarcely anything."

Mrs. Bell's lips tightened.

"And drinks like a fish," muttered Bell.

"Be quiet, Abel!" exclaimed his wife, sharply.

> "Would hang him, left and right,
> So he determined, out of—

The rest of Bell's song was lost, for he walked out down to the garden gate, while I went on.

"You see, Mrs. Bell," I said, "I've been thinking that I could make him let me draw his money, and then, with him under my eye, and dependent on me for his cash to spend, I think I could cure him."

Mrs. Bell smiled a very hard little smile, and shook her head.

"Well, perhaps I couldn't but I feel as if I ought to try, and if you'll help me in this I shall be very grateful.

"I'll help you, John Black," said the little woman, quietly; "and if it does the poor man good, I'm sure—"

"Thank you, thank you," I said, shaking her hand warmly.

"I thought I could count on you. It will be a great nuisance to you at first, but I do hope that in time—"

"Here he is, a-coming back again," said Bell, putting his head into the kitchen.

And directly after I went out, and brought in poor Ned, looking worse than ever. He was wild, strange, and querulous, and ready to find fault with everything, as he stood with hands shaking as they held his hat.

"You said ten o'clock, John—ten o'clock!" he exclaimed peevishly; "and I've been here, backwards and forwards till I'm tired. I don't think it's right of you."

"Here, sit down Ned," I said quietly.

And as I got him into a chair, Mrs. Bell left the room and we were alone.

"Now, look here, Ned, I want to have a talk to you."

"It's of no use, John—not a bit," he whimpered, bursting into a maudlin fit of crying.

"I'm a lost man, and if some one would knock me on the head it would be a kindness."

"Suppose we knock the drink on the head instead, Ned?" I said.

"No no!" he cried, half rising in alarm, "I can't do without it. I must have it—I should go mad without."

"Sit still," I said, pushing him back in his seat: "no one wants to stop you from having a drink."

"Yes, yes," he whimpered, "you do. You want to rob me of the only solace I have in life."

"Nonsense man! I want to make you a happier fellow—to set you right again. Now, look here, Ned, I've been making arrangements for you to come and lodge here."

"To rob me of the drink," he exclaimed.

"Nonsense!" I said laughing. "Why, what has put that in your head?"

"Don't speak like that, John," he said, fiercely.

"I'm not mad. You're talking to me as if I were a child, or a mad-house patient: and it won't do."

"Don't be a fool, Ned," I replied quietly. "I tell you I want to take you in hand to cure you of this habit."

"I can't, I can't leave it off," he said; "and you will take the brandy away."

"Did you spend that shilling in brandy?" I said.

"Yes, every penny: and it's so weak—such wretched stuff. John, do you think you could lend me—"

"Look here," I said quietly, "I want to talk this matter over with you. The people here will board and lodge you for twenty-five shillings a week. But it's dry work talking—suppose we have a glass of brandy and water over it?"

"Yes, yes—let's drink over it," he said, with his eyes sparkling and hands quivering in the air.

And he watched me as I went to my room, and returned with half a pint of brandy in a bottle, and put it on the table with glasses.

"No water, please, John—no water," he

said huskily, as his hands trembled with eagerness.

"No sugar, and a little more brandy. It is life to me."

This was as I poured some into his glass; and then, instead of waiting to enjoy it, he took the tumbler and poured the liquor down his throat at one gulp, gave a shudder and then replaced the empty glass.

"That's good brandy, John. Thank you—thank you!" he exclaimed.

Then he sat back more upright in his chair, and in a few moments a smile came upon his face.

"Yes, pretty good." I said.

"Now, let's talk about you Ned. Will you give up your income to me, and come and live as I dictate?"

"No, no, dear boy—no," he said laughing.

"That would be too bad. You would cut off my allowance the very first time."

"Not I," I said. "Do you always drink, brandy."

"Yes, always," he said. "The beer is horrible stuff."

"And how much do you spend in brandy a week?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Geraldine's Whim.

BY M. B.

"THERE she is!"

A little thrill of expectation ran through the ranks of fashionable men and women gathered in the great hall of this hospitable homestead.

The charming old manor was just now filled with guests from cellar to attic, and to-day they all had been pressed into active service.

A fair result!

The grand oak-rafered hall was a festive world of glistening holly and scarlet berries, and cheery, roaring, sea-coal fire.

"I think we have done splendidly," Ethel Sterret said, looking slowly round with blue, approving eyes.

"They are the very prettiest Christmas decorations I have——

"There she is, Huldah."

And, despite herself, an amused expectancy crept into her face.

Her hostess turned quickly—a little nervously—and went down with her uncle to meet their guest.

"You'll repent this, uncle," in a low, impatient whisper.

"We'll be heartily ashamed of her—I know we will,

"A girl fresh from the Ballonlouty bogs?

"And Sir Cecil Leighton coming, too!"

"Repent?

"Wait and see," old Mr. Ferris answered tritly.

And then the door was flung open, and a slender, girlish figure, clad in black, curly astrachan from head to foot, came out of the grey, winter twilight and into the long, fire-lit hall, the hum of languid voices, the challenging glances of critical eyes.

So this was the dreaded visitor—the Irish cousin!

"Welcome, Geraldine," her cousin said, with a cold kiss.

"Have you had a tiresome journey?"

"Tiresome!" echoed a sweet, fresh voice, with a faint, unmistakable Irish accent.

"No; I found it delightful."

Huldah shuddered.

Her guests smiled a little.

A smoky, jolting, winter journey delightful!

They could not see her face well in the uncertain crimson firelight, but they scored one in her favor for her merry, musical laughter.

When, half-an-hour later, she came into the long, lighted drawing-room, they looked up in surprise.

"A Worth costume," they whispered.

A lithesome, rounded figure, clad in soft, grey, shining draperies; at the pretty, half-bared throat some scarlet holly-berries—a cluster of the same glowing in the golden brown hair.

Such a sweet, fresh, lovable face, with its blue, laughing, Irish eyes, its brows and lashes black as jet, its bright, saucy, smiling lips.

Scarcely was the introduction spoken, when the door was thrown open.

"Sir Cecil Leighton!"

He came into the room—a tall, military looking young fellow of twenty-eight or thereabouts.

Huldah Ferris came swiftly forward.

"Welcome, Sir Cecil!

"We scarcely dared to hope for you before Christmas.

"Introductions are unnecessary, I believe.

"But stay!

"Sir Cecil Leighton—my cousin, Miss Ferris."

Geraldine, still standing under the chandelier's flooding light, bowed gravely.

A quick flash of admiration leaped into his eyes.

How pretty she looked, in those grey, trailing robes, with the vivid dash of scarlet at the throat and hair!

How pretty!

"I am very happy to meet Miss Ferris," he said.

But there was a quizzical look in his dark eyes, a queer twitching around the well-cut lips.

At eleven they all trooped off to bed, worn out with the day's exertion.

Geraldine, standing at the foot of the stairs, looked up with roguish eyes.

"Please, some one," pathetically, "bring some sal-volatile for poor Mr. Radden. He looks exhausted."

"Fact!" the young Londoner opposite murmured languidly.

"Quite used up. Hardest day's work I ever did."

"I believe you!" so emphatically, they all laughed, and Mr. Radden wondered vaguely if that pretty little Irish girl could have meant anything.

Half way up the stairs she heard an exclamation of dismay—

"We've forgotten the mistletoe!"

"Never mind," some one answered; "it will do in the morning."

But sitting by her dressing-room fire, half-an-hour later, her loose hair falling around her like a mantle, her shining eyes looking dreamily into the glowing coals, the force of a habit never to leave to-night's work till to-morrow overcame her.

So thrusting her little bare feet into her slippers, she took up her night lamp, opened the door, and ran lightly down the stairs.

"I saw the mistletoe lying on the hall table, and the step-ladder and strings are just where she left them.

"Huldah will be glad in the morning to find it done."

And a moment later she was perched half way up the ladder in the great, old, shadowy hall.

Five minutes later, some one leaned over the banisters above, only to draw back with a horrified gasp and shocked face.

There was a cautious opening and shutting of doors, a few magical whispered words spread from lip to lip, and then every corridor in the manor seemed full of stealing, noiseless spectres in various stages of undress.

They were all moving towards the grand stairway.

"You're sure, Huldah?"

"Positive!

"A perfect stranger!

"It is shocking!"

But her heart was beating with exultation.

Now would her cousin be banished?

Now would she be uncle Ferris' heiress?

"Dear uncle Caspar—look!"

Half a dozen curious pairs of eyes peeped over the banisters and saw—

A great hall in shadow, save for the light of a small lamp.

In the centre of the apartment a step-ladder.

Half way up, a slight, white, fairy figure.

Directly overhead, a great bunch of mistletoe.

Below, his head not quite reaching her shoulder, a young man—a handsome young man—Sir Cecil Leighton.

He was holding one of the girl's hands tightly in his own.

Her bright hair drooped over his shoulder.

"Oh-h!" from the staircase spectres.

An irrepressible young lady, changing the first line to suit the occasion, murmured mischievously—

"Over the step-ladder bends a face
Darling sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace
And watches the picture smiling."

"You will keep a secret?

"You won't tell?" in a whisper from Geraldine.

"On my honor, no.

"Now, my mistletoe kiss, sweetheart," he said.

The fair head drooped; the rosy lips met his.

"Oh-h!"

The condemnatory sigh had risen to a faint roar.

Geraldine started and looked up.

Good gracious! what was that white phalanx on the stairs?

Old Mr. Ferris and his notes hurried down.

"Geraldine!" cried Huldah, her voice trembling more with jealousy than righteous indignation, her greenish eyes flashing, "how can you explain such conduct?

"And Sir Cecil a stranger—a perfect stranger!

"You leave this house in the morning."

But Geraldine looked more proud than ashamed, and blushed deliciously.

Sir Cecil laughed—a hearty, ringing, boyish laugh—and put one arm around her with an air of proprietorship.

"Not quite such a stranger as you think, Miss Ferris.

"Our places in Ireland join, you know, and Geraldine and I have been engaged for three years.

"We were married privately a month ago, and have just returned from our wedding-trip to Paris.

"We came down together to-day, but this wilful little woman took it into her pretty head to disdain her husband for a few days.

"But," dolefully, "see how soon her pie-crust plan is broken.

"Any further explanation, Lady Leighton will offer."

And Lady Leighton, blissful and smiling, and pretty as a picture, came down from her perilous perch.

How they clustered around her, with cheery laughter and tender congratulations till the midnight music of the Christmas bells clanged over the frozen snow!

"My first and last plot," said Lady Geraldine, "so ruthlessly marred under the mistletoe."

"Many merry Christmases, my dear," said uncle Ferris lovingly.

And Huldah knew how unwomanly she had been, and how wholly her darker plot had failed.

BUYING A PRESENT.

I WAS standing in a certain Philadelphia library, just before Christmas, looking over some books, when my attention was attracted by a young man pacing restlessly up and down the room, occasionally looking at his watch, as though expecting somebody, who, judging from the expression of his face when I first noticed him, was behind time.

At this moment the outer door opened, and another young man, evidently the expected one, came up and grasped him by the hand, with the exclamation:

"Hello! Frank; did I keep you waiting? But, say, have you arrived at any conclusion as to what we shall get for him?"

The one addressed as Frank smiled in a sad sort of way, and said:

"Well—no—no—really, I've thought of almost everything. But, Ed, to tell you the truth, the old gentleman is so peculiar, and, besides, he——"

Here the conversation was cut short by the appearance of a third person.

Evidently he had a hand in the scheme—whatever it was—for he was greeted by the two in a chorus:

"Well, Bob, you did get here at last—fifteen minutes late—it is now 4.30, and we were to meet at 4.15 sharp. But, never mind. Now that you have come, I suppose you can give us an idea of what would be appropriate?"

"No," replied Bob, "I can't; I've thought and thought ever since we were appointed to attend to this matter, but the old gentleman is so peculiar, and he has everything a man could wish for——"

"Just exactly what I was about to say when you came in," broke in Frank.

"That's my fix, likewise," mildly added Ed.

"Well, what do you say if we take a look around some of the stores on Chestnut street—we might strike on something that none of us have thought of yet," put in Bob.

The other two agreed to the proposition made by the one called Bob, and they started off down the street.

They had evidently, judging from their conversation, been appointed a committee by some society or school to select a Christmas present for a professor or teacher, and it seemingly bothered them to find anything that they thought would please him.

Feeling a little curious as to how they would succeed, and having nothing in particular to do for the rest of the afternoon, I made up my mind to play detective, and enjoy the "hunt."

The trio had proceeded perhaps a square, when they stopped on a corner, evidently to hold "a council of war," as to which way they should go, and to form some idea as to what they should buy.

The first words I caught on nearing them came from Ed:

"What do you say to a cabba—but then I've an idea he has one."

"Why, of course he has," said Frank, for he travels a good bit. And everyone who does any traveling at all, possesses a cabba."

"How would a silk umbrella do—a fine silk umbrella?" suggested Bob.

"He told me day before yesterday that he had ordered a new one, and he would get it to-day. So that settles the umbrella," put in Ed.

"Oh! I've got it!" again ejaculated Frank. "What do you say to a gold-headed cane——"

"A gold-headed cane—everybody gives gold-headed canes—and another thing, he doesn't carry a cane," said Frank.

That seemed to put a damper on the suggestion business, for not a word was said for upward of five minutes. The trio stood, with their hands in their pockets, looking blankly at each other.

"Well," at length spoke up Ed, evidently disgusted with the progress they were making, "what do you say to 'taking the bull by the horns,' and calling on the old gent. We'll just say to him that we were appointed as a committee to select a present for him, and that we are at a loss to know what he would like. What do you think?" looking at his two companions inquiringly.

"I don't think it would do at all," said Frank; "for it seems to me that would take the cream off the whole business. And I feel positive he would not make a suggestion even."

"What *will* we do then?" asked Ed despairingly.

Bob, who for some time had seemingly been lost in thought, said he had a sort of an idea that they could find some nice books to suit him if they should try.

"Books! books!" said Ed. "Why, I don't think there was ever a book published but what he has read. And he has such an excellent library, too. No, that's out of the question. But I don't propose to stand here all night, for I've got to be home by half-past six. It is now half-after five—that only leaves us an hour, and if we make as much headway in the next hour as we have in the last, we'll likely make a choice about Christmas, 1883.

They started up the street, after "tossing" a penny to see whether it would be "up" or "down," carefully scrutinizing every show window as far as I could see them.

I concluded I would follow them no further, for I began to feel as though supper wouldn't be a bad thing to take.

Having occasion to visit Chestnut street again that evening, who should I meet (about nine o'clock) but my three friends, rushing from store to store, with wild eyes and haggard looks. As I passed, one of them moaned hoarsely:

"You can bet your bottom dollar that this is the last time I go on a committee. Here we've been rushing around for five mortal hours, without a mouthful to eat, and no nearer to the 'present' than when we commenced——"

The rest of the speech I lost, for the three hurried madly on, and bounded into a bric-a-brac store near by.

This incident shows that Christmas presents have their drawbacks as well as their pleasures.

"ANDY" WILDMAN.

Bric-a-Brac.

CLIMBING WORMS.—In New-Zealand, a late writer states, earthworms not only leave their burrows but climb up trees in search of food in the night or at a late hour if the morning is damp and warm.

A RIVER OF MILK.—France produces milk which, if collected, would make a stream 3 feet 4 inches wide and 1 foot 1 inch deep, flowing night and day all the year round. Man, young animals, and the butter and cheese factories utilize this immense product of the farm.

THE LARGEST UNIVERSITY.—The largest university is Oxford in England, in the city of the same name, fifty-five miles from London. It consists of twenty-one colleges and five halls. Oxford was a seat of learning as early as the time of Edward the Confessor. University College claims to have been founded by King Alfred.

COMMON CHEMISTRY.—An illustration of the chemistry of common life is seen in our use of table salt with food. People eat it because it makes food more palatable and never give a thought as to why nature demands it. Nature, however, has its reason. Salt is composed of muriatic acid and sodium. The acid helps to form gastric juice and the soda furnishes aid to the digestive juices of the pancreas and the liver.

THE LEMON.—A physician suggests rubbing of the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft, and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers mixed with strong, hot black tea or coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.

MEASURING BY SMOKE.—In farming districts of Denmark, where smoking is almost universal, and pipes with huge china bowls are as common as mile stones are scarce on country cross roads, distance is more frequently measured by "pipes" than miles. The easy-going, set ways of the people make this expedient practicable. Great is the amazement of the traveler, however, at being told, in answer to his inquiry about the distance to the next town, that it is so many "pipes of tobacco." Experience will teach him that at the steady gait and pull of the native our two English miles, or half a Danish mile make a "pipe."

ABRAHAM'S GUEST.—The following story is from the Jewish Talmud. When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming toward him, who was a hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down—but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god. At this answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and in an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee." God answered him. "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again and gave him hospitable entertainment and kind instruction.

LOVE'S REWARD.—Here's the story of an unfortunate young Paris lawyer. This unlucky wight was head-over-heels in love with a beautiful girl, and was about to be married to her. On the eve of the wedding day he was called on to defend an awful miscreant—a man who had poisoned his mother and father. The case seemed a lost one, and when the prosecution had closed, the young lawyer was just about giving up the struggle without an effort. Suddenly he perceived in the far extremity of the court room, his beloved and her parents, who had come to see what kind of stuff he was made of. He feels that he must make a show of talent, and commencing his argument, rises to the highest flights of eloquence. In a word, he succeeded in showing that the criminal is an upright, virtuous and much abused man, and obtains his acquittal. In the evening the lawyer, with triumphant air, calls at the house of his future father-in-law expecting that his success will insure him a warm reception. To his surprise, he finds the young girl cold and her parents much embarrassed. He asks what this reception means. "My friend," says he whom the young man had already begun to call father-in-law, "I must tell you—my daughter loves another." "Another! Who is the man?" "The good and virtuous man whom you, to-day, by your eloquence, restored to society," replies the father.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

Let us throw more logs on the fire!
We have need of a cheerful light;
And close round the hearth to gather,
For the wind has risen to-night.
With the mournful sound of its wailing
It has checked the children's glee,
And it calls with a louder clamor
Than the clamor of the sea
Hark to the voice of the wind!

Let us listen to what it is saying;
Let us hearken to where it has been;
For it tells, in its terrible crying,
The fearful sights it has seen.
It clatters loud to the casements,
Round the house it hurries on,
And it shrieks with redoubled fury
When we say, "The blast is gone!"
Hark to the voice of the wind!

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

ALL the coquetry and the laughter died out of Ninon's face.

She felt suddenly inclined to burst into a fit of tears.

Did it rain proposals to-night? she wondered.

And, if Sir Robert Davenant had made up his mind to ask her to marry him, why could he not have done it earlier, and so have saved her and poor Dick from the luckless fate that was in store for them?

She thought in her trouble and perplexity that, if he had asked her, she would have said "Yes."

What better could she have done?

To be Lady Davenant, to have a home to offer for life to poor little Tiff, to be free forever from the petty and wearing vulgarities of her stepmother's—would not all that have compensated for a blind little husband at whom she would be always laughing, and whom she would always be able to wind round her little finger, but who would at least be the soul of honor and goodness and generosity.

And as for love?

She supposed it was in her to love anyone with the love of which she had read in books.

Not one of the men she had met and coquetted with had roused in her even half the pitying she had for Dick—Dick, whom she had just promised to marry.

"Oh, Sir Robert," she said, breaking into an unsteady laugh, while her wooer hung with eager eyes upon her words, "did you ever read 'Vanity Fair?'"

"What on earth," cried Sir Robert wondering, "has that got to do with——"

"Only that I find myself at this moment in something of the same plight as the inimitable Becky."

"How?"

"Why?" urged the Baronet, who was not much addicted to reading.

"Miss Masserene—Ninon—I beg of you not to joke with me now."

"I am not joking," declared Ninon, with her melancholy smile.

"As you said yourself just now, I never was more serious in the whole course of my life.

"I can't say 'Yes,' Sir Robert."

"Oh, Miss Masserene!"

"No, I can't.

"Because," with a helpless little gesture of her pretty hands, "I am engaged already, worse luck!"

Poor Sir Robert stared at her aghast.

He did not know what to make of the girl's half-reckless manner.

"You—you are engaged?" he stammered miserably.

"Yes."

"But—but"—desperately—"if you don't care for the fellow, Miss Masserene, and if——"

"Don't well-brought up girls care for the men to whom they are engaged?" asked Ninon, with another unsteady little laugh.

Poor Sir Robert felt more posed than ever.

"I am awfully sorry for you, Sir Robert," the girl went on.

"I think engaged girls ought to go about with a ticket on their gown, to prevent other men from falling in love with them; don't you?

"But what was I to do?

"I could not tell you very well before you asked me, could I?

"And indeed I did not think you cared very much."

"But I did—I do," groaned poor Sir Robert.

"You must have seen that I did.

"Oh, Miss Masserene, are you quite sure there is no hope for me?"

"None whatever," answered Ninon, very gravely.

"Not if—he——" Sir Robert paused hesitating.

It was so hard to understand her.

Was she in earnest about her engagement or was she only playing with him, laughing at him, as she had often done before.

"Not if he consented to release you?"

She shook her head.

"I have given my word to him," she said.

"It is the same as if we were married really, especially as he is very poor and lonely, and has nobody but me to care very much in the world for except his mother."

"It is your cousin, of course?" said Sir Robert gloomily.

Ninon drew up her slender throat.

"That is my secret," she said, with a cold smile.

"I have confided in you all that is necessary.

"I may count upon you, I am sure, Sir Robert, not to betray what I have said to my cousin—I mean to Lady Ingram."

"Of course you may count upon me," the little fellow answered, with some indignation.

"And what is the use of talking about it? "I suppose"—dismally—"nothing can change it now?"

"Nothing," echoed Ninon, suppressing a sigh.

"And, after all, I am going away to-morrow, back into my original obscurity, where I shall wait until the man I am engaged to is able to claim me.

"You will soon forget me, I hope, Sir Robert.

"Oh," with a pretty gesture, as the little Baronet began to protest, "I will forgive you beforehand for doing so, and I shall always be grateful to you for liking me well enough to want to make me your wife!

"It would have been very nice, really, to be Lady Davenant, and never to have gone back any more to Marybridge.

"There, please don't look so awfully sorry!

"Oh," the girl's strength was almost worn out by excitement and by secret doubts and struggles, "why is everything so topsy-turvy in this world?

"Why is it impossible to go through life without giving pain to one person or another?

"I cannot bear to see anyone suffering, and yet——"

"Good-bye, Sir Robert!

"Good-bye!

"I will never forget your kindness as long as I live; and, if I ever have pained you, I ask you now to forgive me—and to forget me.

"I am not worth remembering indeed!"

She broke away from him when he would have detained her, and passed through a side-door into the dusky back drawing-room, and so, unseen and unheard, up the stairs to her own room, where she flung herself down by the bed-side, burying her face in her hands, and bursting into a great passion of tears that would no longer be repressed.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY INGRAM came to Ninon's door half an hour later, and found her to all appearances, composed enough.

The girl had taken off her white evening-dress, with its dying white roses, and had unbound the thick fine blue-black hair, which fell in a straight and waveless mass upon her shoulders and long below her waist.

She turned and looked at her cousin with feverish bright eyes that showed no trace of tears.

"Well?" said Lady Ingram, sitting down at the open window, beyond which the stars shone in the purple midsummer sky.

"Well?" Ninon echoed, smiling.

"You have something to tell me, of course?

"Bobby Davenant looked quite upset when he went away.

"Can it be possible that he was serious after all?

"I began to think that your flirtations of this season had frightened him off.

"He was very serious," said the girl, her lips trembling wistfully.

"He is a dear good fellow, Katherine, and I am sorry for having so often made fun of him behind his back."

"Oh, it is a case of mutual affection, is it?" asked Lady Ingram, amused.

"Well, really, child, you are wonderfully lucky!

"Sir Robert is quite one of the best parts of the year; and your conduct has been sufficiently outrageous all the season, in spite of my remonstrances, to give him a good excuse for not coming again."

Ninon made an impatient exclamation, and turned away, clasping her pretty bare arms behind her head, and beginning to pace up and down her luxurious room.

"What is the matter, pray?" sharply demanded her cousin.

"You don't mean to say 'No!'" with a shrug of her ample shoulders.

"I can hardly believe Gerald Masserene's daughter to be capable of such a deliberate piece of folly as that.

"Of course you have accepted him?"

"No," answered the girl abruptly; and then, stretching out her two hands with a groan of weary impatience, she went on rapidly:

"Spare me your amazement and your reproaches, Katherine.

"Now you suppose I would not have accepted him if I could?

"Do you suppose I have more heart or conscience left than any other girl at the close of a London season?

"Do you suppose I would not rather be Lady Davenant, and rich, than what I shall be, and poor?"

"Then why in heaven's name, did you refuse him?

"Is that absurd girl, Tiffany, to stand in your way all your life?

"It is simply ridiculous, Ninon!

"A girl who is not even your sister!

"What is a half-sister, especially when her mother was a Burdock?"

Ninon smiled bitterly.

"Poor little Tiff!" she said.

"It is not Tiffany this time, Katherine.

"She has nothing whatever to do with my decision."

"Then what can you be possibly waiting for?" retorted Lady Ingram, much annoyed.

"What more do you expect?"

"Nothing more," answered the young girl sadly.

"On the contrary, much less."

"It is too warm to guess riddles," declared Lady Ingram languidly; but anger was slowly gathering in her dark eyes as she spoke.

"If the question is not impertinant on my part, as you will admit that I have shown some interest in your fate, will you tell me plainly why you have refused Sir Robert Davenant?"

"Because I am engaged to someone else," said Ninon curtly.

Her cousin turned her head and regarded her with a half-smile of incredulity.

"Not to Ernest Savage, I trust," she said lightly.

"You cannot well live on lilies and blue china."

"Oh, I could with some men," returned Ninon.

"But not with Ernest Savage!"

"It is St. Leonards then?

"My dear child, I acknowledge his fascination.

"Nearly every woman in London has been or is in love with Charley St. Leonards; but I suppose you known what you have to expect?

"He is head over ears in debt, he is horribly run after; you will not have a moment's peace in your life.

"But perhaps," with another shrug, "you intend going on the stage yourself?"

"I should like nothing better," said the girl, with a wretched little laugh.

"I do not see why one should not act on the stage as well as in a drawing-room; and what else are we doing day after day?"

"Am I to understand then," said Lady Ingram, coldly contemptuous, "that Charles St. Leonards has another conquest to add to his sufficiently numerous list?"

"No!" Ninon cried impatiently.

"And what is the use of your going on with the catechism, Katherine?

"Is it not enough that I am engaged, and that *I* cannot marry Sir Robert Davenant, and that after to-morrow you need never trouble your head about me any more, as I shall have sunk down, down, out of sight, out of mind——"

"So it is Dick?" said Lady Ingram scornfully, not heeding her.

"Good heavens, Ninon, are you quite out of your senses?"

"No."

The girl clasped her hands wildly.

"Oh, how I wish I were!"

"Dick has behaved shamefully," pursued her cousin.

"A man without means, almost without prospects, to seek to tie a girl like you to him for life!

"I have no patience with such selfishness!"

"He was going away without saying a word.

"It was I who proposed to him—I am sure I don't know why.

"I don't believe I am in love with him, if love is anything like what one sees on the stage and in poetry-books and novels.

"But I do believe that he cares for me, and he has so few people to care for him: and so—and so, as you see, I have done what cannot be undone, and I shall have all my life long to repent of it."

"Undoubtedly," assented Lady Ingram, with her usual expressive shrug

"But how am I to help it?

"It is all my own fault.

"I suppose I 'encouraged' Dick, as people say; didn't I?

"I remember you warned me, but I would not listen."

Lady Ingram smiled scornfully.

"Dick did not want much encouragement," she said.

"Men seldom do when such faces as yours are concerned.

"I don't think you need have reproached yourself very much.

"You cannot help being the prettiest woman in London.

"And, at the worst, a man soon gets over that sort of thing.

"What business had a struggling engineer to admire the beauty of the season?

"That is a luxury he should not have allowed himself."

Ninon turned suddenly round and faced her cousin with glittering eyes, that shone strangely out of her pale face.

"I am unlucky, am I not?" she said.

"You gave me a chance of winning all that I value most on earth and I have lost it!

"Before you came to Avranches I used to dream about London, and wonder if I should ever see it.

"I could not help knowing that I was pretty, and I felt as if I were born for something better than life in a dull little foreign town.

"I remember how I used to wonder whether it could be for nothing that such thoughts came to me, such longings after high fortunes and eventful days, or whether it was not rather an omen that better things were in store for me."

Lady Ingram did not attempt to interrupt the girl's excited and eager appeal.

She sat and listened, admiring with all the calm admiration of a connoisseur, her lit-up beauty and Irish freedom of gesture.

"And then you came and found me eating my heart out in the Rue des Quatre Eufs, and I was not surprised when you offered to take me away.

"I had always known that something like that would happen.

"I was Cinderella and you were the fairy godmother."

"Cinderella fell in love with a prince," suggested Lady Ingram coldly, as the girl paused.

"There the stories differ."

"Yes," assented Ninon, all the fire and glitter in her blue eyes giving place to a sudden dejection.

"Is it not unlucky?"

"Fortunately, it is not too late.

"You had better leave me to have an explanation with Dick.

"I will appeal to his own commonsense."

"No," said the girl wearily.

"Don't you understand?

"I have given my word."

Another shrug from Lady Ingram.

"Do you suppose," she said, smiling, "that dozens of girls do not give their word, as you call it, and take it back when it is in the interest of both parties to the bargain that they should do so?"

"Not if they are honest girls," declared Ninon, flushing.

"No, Katherine; you have been very, very kind to me.

"You have borne with all my airs and tempers, and given me a little glimpse of the heaven I hardly thought ever to see, and indeed I am not ungrateful.

"But, you see, I was not born to be happy.

"We are all an unlucky set, we Masserenes.

"There is nothing to be done but to accept one's fate and cry 'Kismet.'

"I have lived for three months!

"It is not everyone who can say as much as that."

"You are serious then?" Lady Ingram said, rising.

"It is not a subject to joke about," declared Ninon, with a miserable laugh.

"And, Katherine, you will not speak about it?

"You will not tell my stepmother that it is Dick?

"I shall have a hard enough time with her as it is."

"Let us understand each other once and for all," returned Lady Ingram coolly.

"I do not think that I have ever professed altogether disinterested motives in taking you up—it suited me to do so, and I was willing to indulge myself in a somewhat expensive fancy; but I confess that in more ways than this even I have been disappointed in the plans I had formed.

"Bridff Beaufoy remains abroad, Florrie writes me that he is infatuated about some Viennese widow over there at the Court: your first season has resulted in only one offer.

"I think I may as well explain that, from the moment you leave me this time, my interest in you ceases.

"If you should express a determination later to hang yourself, my dear child, you must not look to me to cut you down.

"You have chosen your own future—chosen stupidly; it seems to me; but, after all, you are the person most concerned.

"Marry whom you like, I am dumb.

"You have nothing henceforth to fear or hope from me."

"I understand," Ninon said, with a sweet and melancholy smile.

"And I know that it is only I who am to blame.

"At any rate, I shall never forget all I owe you, Katherine.

"You will let me thank you before I go?

"One does not refuse to listen to the last words of anyone who has shared their life.

"And you know that my life is done.

"The play is over.

"The curtain has fallen, and Ninon Masserene, who has been acting the queen, is going home to her supper of cold mutton."

"Do not flatter yourself that the curtain has fallen; it is only the act-drop," said Lady Ingram carelessly.

"Your life has not even begun.

"When you fall in love, my dear child, the drama will begin for you and poor Dick.

"This is only the prologue."

CHAPTER XV.

LADY INGRAM was as good as her word.

Ninon found herself at absolute liberty the next day, and her appeal to her cousin for advice was met with a good-humored but contemptuous smile.

"Dick Strong has called, and wants to take you to see his mother, my dear child?

"Then go by all means.

"What is there to prevent you?

"Zenaide shall pack your imperials.

"You are to take away all your finery; it will serve to dazzle the Marybridge aborigenes perhaps some of these days.

"I have telegraphed to Mrs. Masserene when to expect you this evening.

"No doubt Dick will see you off.

"I myself am going to Lady Denison's breakfast at Richmond, and shall probably not return until after you have started; so I will say good-bye now.

"No thanks, pray—and no gush, my dear Ninon!

"I consider that you have acted foolishly and ungratefully; the least you can do is to spare me a scene at parting."

And so, with a cool shake of the hand, Lady Ingram took leave of her cousin.

The tears were in Ninon's blue eyes as she went back to Dick in the drawing-room.

"I have no one but you now," she said, putting her hands in his.

"You will be good to me always, won't you, Dick?"

The firm pressure of Dick's sunburnt hands and the steady look of his eyes said more even than his reassuring words.

"And you forget my mother—our mother?" he added gently.

"Ninon, you must promise me that if you are ever in trouble during my absence you will go to her."

And so the young people set off in a hansom for Barnes.

Ninon had put aside all her wonderful French costumes, and was dressed in a white linen gown and a straw bonnet to match.

"I could not find any gloves or handkerchiefs or shoes that were plain enough," she said, laughing up at her lover, and drawing her pretty feet up out of sight.

"But I am going to learn not to care for my clothes so much and to be very economical."

"My wife shall always be prettily dressed," declared Dick fondly.

"Boots and gloves don't cost very much, do they?"

"Oh, you absurd boy—don't speak of them!" cried Ninon, with a wise little shake of her charming head.

"Much you know about what anything costs!"

"I can think of nothing and care for nothing but you to-day," the young fellow whispered, as the hansom sped along.

The sun was shining, the sultry London streets were faint with the scent of roses and ripe fruit; all the world was abroad.

It seemed to Dick that his happiness had got into the air and that every one he met seemed as glad as he was.

And Ninon was no longer so pale and troubled as she had seemed last night, when she had given herself to him for life.

Her long remorse about him being ended—no matter how disastrously for her own chances of future contentment—the girl felt as if a great weight were lifted from her heart, and she gave way freely to her new sense of relief.

Dick was so happy, poor fellow, and she had caused him so much pain until now.

How could she help being happy in his happiness, and smiling back at him as they drove along the sunshiny suburban roads, hand in hand, like two children?

She would have time enough later to think—all the long, long dreary Marybridge days, while he was away working for her and dreaming of her; but not now—not now!

The girl gave a little shudder in the warm July air.

It was their last day together.

Let him go away with an easy heart.

It was her turn to suffer, if either of them must.

And so she began to chatter in her sweet voice, and to tell him all her good resolutions for the future, and to count the months on her fingers that must elapse before they could see each other again.

"The time will not seem long now that we belong to each other," said poor Dick.

"But how could I have borne to go away believing that you did not love me?

"You do love me, Ninon?" he urged jealousy, looking into the sweet eyes that were so frankly lifted to his own.

A shade passed over their blue depths, but the girl smiled into his anxious face.

"Indeed I do," she answered gently; "and I only wish I were worthier of your love, dear old Dick!"

He laughed fondly and pressed her hand a little closer.

They were nearly at the cottage now.

Old Bevis was asleep in the sun at the open door as they drove up to the gate.

He jumped up to give them an excited welcome, that brought Mrs. Strong to the drawing-room-window.

They had not seen Ninon for many days; and was there not something new in Dick's manner as he came up the garden-walk to the door?

Was there not something new in the timid droop of Ninon's white eyelids?

The mother's anxious heart gave a leap.

She thought to herself suddenly that she was glad Mary was in the garden; she would not call her just yet.

And then Dick came striding in, still holding his beautiful sweetheart by the hand, and went straight up to his mother, his grey eyes all alight and his curly hair all ruffled up, as was his way when he was excited.

"There, mother!" he said.

"Take her in your arms.

"She belongs to us now.

"You have two daughters—Ninon as well as Molly.

"She has promised to be my wife."

"My dear!" was all Mrs. Strong could say as she took the smiling, trembling girl to her heart; and for a moment or two there was silence in the rose-scented drawing-room.

It was Ninon who spoke first, looking up with sweet wet eyes and holding up her mouth to be kissed.

"I am not half good enough, aunt Dorothy," she said, with sincere humility.

"But—he is so obstinate, and you will forgive me, won't you, for saying 'Yes?'

"I could not help it, because he was so unhappy."

"You are his happiness henceforth, my daughter Ninon," whispered the good mother.

"It is in you we all trust for the future."

The girl paled as she smiled.

"I will be good," she said simply.

"Indeed I mean to be very good.

A queer little thought crossed her of Lady Ingram's disgust if she could have heard Mrs. Strong's welcome to her son's promised wife.

It never occurred to those quiet Barnes people to think of the honor that was being done to them by the beauty of the season, the girl who had just refused to be Lady Davenant.

In their minds it was Ninon who had cause for rejoicing, seeing that she had won the love of an honest man who was very dear to them.

And, sincere as was Ninon's humility and remorse for her past misdeeds, she could not put this thought altogether aside, nor the little lurking pang of wounded vanity it caused her.

It is true that Dick more than made up for any want of gratitude on his mother's part.

The good fellow could not even yet believe in his own exceeding good fortune.

"To think," he said rapturously, as Mrs. Strong took off Ninon's hat and gently smoothed the girl's hair—"to think only last night I was making up my mind that I must never see her any more, mother, and that now she is here at home with us, and that before long she will come to us, never to go away again——"

"Dick!" cried Ninon, blushing.

"Well, I can't believe it," he answered, putting one arm round her and one round his mother, and looking from one beloved face to the other.

"And you don't know how she tormented me up to the very last, dear—wanted to send me home like a truant schoolboy, and played off all her wickedest little airs upon me.

"Yes, you did, Ninon; you know you did.

"But I was determined to see the play out, and I told her so; and now, after all my doubts and fears, you see the comedy ends as it should—with a happy marriage."

The young man was radiant with delight.

But Mrs. Strong, while she smiled at him, looked sad, and in Ninon's memory some words of Lady Ingram's rang unpleasantly—

"This is not the end of the drama; it is only the prologue."

"Come into the garden until luncheon is ready," whispered her lover.

"It is my last day with you, darling.

"They will forgive me for monopolizing you."

He found a white umbrella of Mary's in the hall, and opened it over Ninon's head as they went through the glass door at the back of the house into the pretty old-fashioned garden, where the sun-warmed roses were blowing in midsummer profusion, where mignonnette was sweet and bees hummed and butterflies flitted from flower to flower in the dazzling July noon.

"It is all so pretty and so peaceful!" said Ninon.

"Oh, Dick, I wish that I need never go back to Marybridge!

"I wish that I could always stay with your mother and Mary while you are away!"

Dick colored with the exceeding joy these words caused him.

"My dearest, I wish you could," he answered fondly.

"And why should it not be arranged so?

"I will speak to mother."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the girl, flushing.

"Do you think I could have said such a thing if I had not known it to be impossible?

"What would my poor little Tiff do without me, and I without her?

"No!

"I will try my very best, Dick, to get on better this time with my step-mother.

"I dare say I am the most to blame, only"—she hung her head—"only I always feel so wicked, somehow, when I am with her, and I want always to be good now that—that it is for you."

"My darling," murmured Dick, "if you only knew what it costs me to go away and leave you in such an unhappy home!

"But you will be brave for my sake, and perhaps when Mrs. Masserene hears of our engagement, and knows that you are no longer without a protector, she will be easier to deal with."

Ninon eagerly interrupted him.

"She must not know that!" she cried with earnestness.

"Dick, we must keep it from her as long as ever we can."

Dick's face fell.

"Ninon, I don't like concealments, my dear," he said, in a grave voice.

"Nor do I," declared the girl hurriedly.

"But, if you had the least idea of what my life would be if I confessed that I had given up all my 'prospects,' as she calls them, to accept my cousin Dick, who is as poor as myself——"

She stopped in the rose-scented alley, and put both her hands on his arm.

"And there is Tiff always to remember!

"It might fall heavier on her.

"No, Dick, you must promise me to keep our engagement a secret from Mrs. Masserene—only from her.

"What can it matter?

"And it is bad enough to have to tell her again that I have left Katherine, and that Katherine has left me for good.

"You don't know the life we led after I came back from Dinard—I could never tell you, it is too dreadful, too humiliating!"

"There—there, darling!" said Dick soothingly.

"Of course I will do as you wish."

"And aunt Dorothy and Mary?

"You will tell them too not to speak of it—please promise me, Dick.

"Indeed it is for the best."

And of course the promise was given.

"I will answer for my mother," said Dick.

"And here"—as they turned a corner and began to walk towards the green-house—"here comes Mary to speak for herself."

Indeed Bevis had considered it his duty, seeing that something of importance was going on in the family, to go and summon his little Mistress Mary, who had been busy among her flowers.

"What is it, you dear old dog?

"Has Dick come home?" the girl asked, when her faithful friend pushed the door of the green-house open, and told her as plainly as dog could tell her that he was waiting to conduct her to the house.

"It is Dick, is it?"

Bevis's tail said "Yes."

"And he is in better spirits, is he, than usual?

"Poor fellow, it is but a sad face he brings home to us now every day, hard as he tries to hide his trouble.

"But what were women's eyes given them for, Bevis dear, if not to read the faces they love, so that they may do their best to keep the clouds away?"

Miss Hawthorn took up her basket of pelargoniums and her scissors, and began to pull off her gardening-gloves, greatly to Bevis's satisfaction.

"The fine ladies in the novels use them to flirt with, it seems to me, and to flash and dart and do all sorts of impossible things with—don't they?

"But you and I, old Bevis, being only a little stupid old-fashioned girl and a shaggy old dog, keep ours for Dick—and what better use could we make of them, pray?"

Bevis declared that he knew of none better.

"My poor boy!

"He is very wretched just now, because of that pretty Ninon of ours.

"She is wonderfully pretty, you know, Bevis, and something better than pretty too, in spite of her faults."

Bevis conceded reluctantly that Ninon was rather pretty.

"But I am afraid she will never have anything to say to him.

"I think she likes him a good deal; but, oh, my dear old Bevis"—Mistress Mary heaved a comical sigh, though there was a suspicious tremor in her bright voice too—"I am very glad that all my love-troubles are at an end for life!

"They really do take up a great deal of time that might be much better employed.

"And poor Dick is just in the thick of his!

"Come along—let us go and cheer him up a bit if we can."

Mary assumed her most cheery expression.

She could not very well help getting thin and pale, since she had had such sleepless nights and was obliged to take such interminable walks and busy herself all day long in a hundred ways, so as to keep from thinking.

But nobody could have looked less like a love-lorn maiden than she did as she came running along the garden-walk in her broad-brimmed hat, calling gaily to old Bevis, who trotted along at her side with the basket of brilliant pelargoniums in his mouth, and humming a snatch of a song.

If she turned a shade paler when she suddenly saw Dick and Ninon walking toward her under the white umbrella, no one had time to notice it.

Ninon ran to her with a little cry of pleasure and put out both her hands; Dick's radiant face told the rest.

"I know—I know!" she said eagerly, standing on tip-toe to kiss the tall young beauty.

"Oh, my dear—oh, Dick, I am so happy for you both!

"And so is Bevis!

"I must go now and see mother!

"Dick, get Ninon some roses while I see about luncheon!

"Oh, indeed I am very glad!"

She tore her hands away from Ninon and ran back towards the house.

"You see!" said Dick joyfully.

"Do you remember how miserable you used to make yourself about dear little Molly?

"Are you convinced now, darling, that she never cared for me except as a brother?"

"She is the sweetest and dearest little woman in the world," said Ninon tremulously.

"And"—she turned abruptly away to hide the tears that were in her eyes—"I think I will have all white roses, Dick, unless you have some variety here that has no thorns."

"The thorns shall not hurt you, dear," said the infatuated young man, beginning to despoil the bushes in the most reckless fashion.

"What was I born for except to hold the brambles aside for you as we walk through life together?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE parting was over.

Ninon caught her last glimpse of Dick and Mary on the platform of the train as it began to move, and she was once more on her way back to Marybridge.

She leant back in the carriage, feeling a sudden sense of exhaustion.

She was alone.

It was a relief to be able to lean her head back, without any need of adjusting her face to her new *role* of the happy engaged girl, and to let her thoughts wander where they would.

"I am tired!"—that was her uppermost idea.

"I feel as if I should like to go to sleep, like the girl in the fairy tale, and not wake up for a hundred years."

She took off her hat and her gloves, and as she did so her eyes fell on the ring Dick had put on her finger when they said good-bye in the quiet garden of Barnes—a broad band of gold rudely carved with the signs of the zodiac, a pretty quaint old Indian ring which he had picked up somewhere in his travels, and which was supposed to bring happiness to the wearer.

Ninon's pale lips parted with a bitter smile as she looked at it.

"The amulet which could accomplish such a miracle for me," she thought, "is not so easily found, my poor Dick!"

But at least the ring was a proof that the last few puzzling fantastic hours of her London life were no dream, as, but for it, she could almost have imagined them.

No; they were real enough.

Only last night she had been free.

Was it indeed last night that she had been at the Duchess's Theatre, that she had flirted with St. Leonards and Sir Robert and Eric Savage—that she had been dressed like a young princess and in the midst of luxury and admiration and all that she most valued in the world?

Only last night; and it seemed a year—a century ago!

Those hours had sufficed to change the whole current of her existence, to bring her from her high estate as the beauty of the season and Lady Ingram's cousin to be once more the Ninon Masserene of the old days, the remembrance of which was so infinitely galling to her.

What had she done, and why had she done it?

Of all the mad actions that woman had been guilty of under the influence of a mistaken sentiment, was there ever a madder one than her engagement to her cousin?

Why had she not let him go and married Sir Robert Davenant?

That would not have been happiness either—Ninon had often said that she was not born to be happy—but it would have been less certain wretchedness for her and for poor Dick.

And Mary Hawthorn?

Ah, she could not bear to think of Mary at all!

She hastily told herself that, even if she had not come between Dick and his cousin, they would never have been more than brother and sister to each other.

When people grew up together like that, they did not often fall in love.

No; she would not think of Mary Hawthorn at all!

Why need she torment herself about the inevitable?

The thing was done.

She had given up her chances in life, and bound herself to marry a poor man, she hardly knew why.

All that remained to her was to forget the past.

And, for the moment, she would if possible go to sleep, and so while away the two hours of travel that were taking her home to obscurity and monotony, but also to dear little Tiff, who would be so happy in her return.

Miss Masserene was sleeping tranquilly when the train stopped at Marybridge, and when she awoke and stepped on to the platform, having hastily put on her hat and gloves, she looked as fair and fresh as a lily.

And of course Tiffany was waiting for her—Tiffany, who was sixteen now and had grown a good deal, and whose merry ugly face and frizzy red hair were not without an odd charm of their own.

The sisters rushed into each other's arms, quite regardless of the comments the proceeding provoked from the other passengers.

As to the railway officials, the beautiful Miss Masserene was well-known to them, as she was to everybody else in the quiet little town.

"Nobody else has come, Tiff!" asked Ninon, anxiously looking about her.

"No; that's right.

"Let me just arrange about having the luggage sent up, and we can walk home together, you and I, you dear little thing!

"It is so good to see you again!"

All this rapidly in French.

"And I believe you have grown prettier," declared Tiffany.

"Ninon, when are you really going to stop?"

"From to-day," declared her sister gravely.

"Fine feathers, you know, Tiff!

"And I have seen the last of my gay plumage, I am thinking.

"Lady Ingram is sick of me—she has given me up for good this time."

"Ninon!"

"It is quite true, child.

"But never mind me.

"Tell me about yourself.

"How are you getting along at the High School?"

Tiffany hesitated.

"Well, you see, dear," she said timidly, "it was so near the holidays when you went away, that mother did not think it was worth while to let me go, and, besides, the money that Lady Ingram sent was wanted for the rent just then."

"Oh!" answered Ninon grimly.

"And your music-lessons?"

Tiffany reddened more and more.

"I have not begun them yet," she answered reluctantly.

"There has been a good deal to do—the fruits to pick, and——"

"Tiff, Tiff," cried Ninon reproachfully, "why did you not write and tell me?

"Don't you know that I only consented

to go away that you might have a few more advantages?"

"I know," assented the little thing eagerly; "and it was of no use to write and bother you.

"I wanted you to be happy for a little while after your dreary winter in Marybridge."

"But I was not happy!" said Ninon abruptly.

"Something told me that you were in need of me again.

"I used to dream about you—I could not rest.

"And so, as you see, I came away; and Lady Ingram is indignant, and has washed her hands of me altogether."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EOLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

LORD ENDERBY still held Grace by the hand; and in some places where the rocky path narrowed, scarcely admitting two to pass, he put his arm around her and drew her closely to his side.

The interior of the mountain was honeycombed by caverns, some of great height, others so low-roofed that, in passing through them, care had to be taken in many spots to bend the head low to avoid the rocks.

The passages from cavern to cavern were so intricate and winding that without a guide no right clue could be found; and a man might wander on and on till death overtook him.

In this fact Lord Enderby perceived the reason why this strange means of transit through the mountain had been left unguarded.

At any other time, the gloomy height and grandeur of these caves and the huge crags, the ghastly rents and chasms, the dreadful precipices by which the path ran, might have filled the mind with awe and wonder; but through this strange journey Lord Enderby thought only of Grace, felt only the joy of her presence.

The clasp of her soft hand in his, the yielding of her slight form to the pressure of his arm was such infinite contentment that this ghastly rocky wilderness seemed an Eden, a garden of delights and love.

"Grace," he said, "what courage you have!

"I can scarcely believe you traversed this dreadful place without my arm to help you."

"Two of these men are my father's servants," she answered.

"They have long acted as guides to the few tourists who ever wish to explore these caverns.

"There could be no danger while I had their help."

"And any way the place is cool," observed Molly, who kept as close to Grace as the path would allow; "and that's more than I can say for the Hot-and-go-low (Ottangolo) at Palermo.

"It's very well called, for it's hot enough: and the go-lows means the beggars—and low enough they be too."

"I am glad you brought Molly with you," said Lord Enderby.

"I'm her guardyin angel," put in Molly.

"I goes everywhere with her, even down shassts and onto ould worked-out mines, like this gashly place."

As they walked on, the sound of rushing water ever seemed to follow them, sometimes near, sometimes afar; but now, as they turned suddenly into a cavern of vast height, the roar of a waterfall close by fell sullenly on the ear.

As the sound reached them, Grace stood still, and her lover felt the tight clinging of her small hand, as if some fear had crept upon her with sudden touch.

"Grace, are you frightened?" he asked.

"No; but a little tired.

"I want to rest a while," she said.

Then she relaxed her clasp upon his hand and went forward a step or two and spoke in a low voice to the guide, who appeared to direct the others, and who had kept near to them, holding the torch that lighted their difficult path.

Lord Enderby could not catch the words she uttered, but the man's reply was audible.

"Five minutes!" he said sullenly.

"We have lost time already, signorina; but, since you wish it so much, I will not say nay."

He stuck his torch into a fissure in the rock near by, and drew away with the other men to a little distance, where they sat down behind a projecting rock, which hid them from view.

Save for Molly, Lord Enderby and Grace were now left alone.

The light of the flaring torch fell over them, and he saw that Grace was very pale.

"You are indeed tired," he said tenderly.

"Grace, my darling, how shall I ever repay you for all you have done for me?"

"Love ever those who love you," she answered; and her eyes looked up at him with a tender smile in them.

But her lips quivered, her head drooped on his breast, and he felt the trembling of her heart as he pressed her towards him.

"This gloomy place overawes and wearies you," he said.

"I hope the journey is nearly over, Grace."

"It will soon be ended for me," she answered; and, though her lips quivered still her eyes shone on him with a strange brightness.

"But you must go on to Palermo, and get the yacht ready to take your wife to England.

"She will strive to make you happy, Alan."

"My dear, dear Grace, your words shake my very soul!

"After so much sorrow and pain, this joy overcomes me.

"Is it true, or is it all a dream?

"Has your father really consented to give you to me?"

She only smiled in answer; then, as in the Caernarvon days, she pressed his hand against her soft cheek.

The old caress of that sweet time when she had seemed to him a very lovely child, too young yet for love, touched him with an infinite tenderness; he felt an eternity in his love, as though it wrapped her about with the deathless wings of the soul.

"Grace," he said, "we will be a tender son and daughter to your father."

She raised her head and gazed into his eyes; her own were full of light, which kindled a soft color on her cheeks.

"I know he could count on your kindness," she said, clasping her hands together.

"Yes.

"You will never forget this promise, Alan?

"He will have a loving son and daughter."

"My darling, are you not sure he will?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "quite sure. Must we go on now?

"Is there anything more to say?"

"My dearest, we have countless things to say in the time to come."

"But say one of them now, Alan—just one, before the men beckon us away."

"Then that one shall be that I love you, that you have been the Grace of my life—the Grace of my soul from the first moment your sweet face came to me like the vision of an angel's in the starlight."

She listened without a smile: but her face was lighted up with some great inward joy, her eyes held the shining light of some great peace.

"In the starlight!" she repeated.

"It is then I should like to be remembered, if we were parted.

"In the soft glory of that eternal light you might see the vision of my face again."

"My darling, we are talking sadly," he answered; "and every word of ours should be one of joy.

"There will be no partings between you and me."

"No; when the night is over, when the morning rises, we shall be parted never again; but now, Alan, for a little while we must say farewell."

"Not farewell, dearest," he rejoined quickly; "but only good night."

"Good night!" she repeated.

"And, Alan, we must say it here and now."

She lifted her face for his caress; and by the torch-light he saw it shining and beautiful as an angel's.

A sudden agony wrung his heart; he clasped her tightly, as though his hungry arms would never let go their hold, and through his frame there ran the quiver of some dread foreboding.

From the first moment of their meeting he had fancied he saw a change in Grace: she was slighter, paler than of old; but it was not this which shook his heart with fear, it was the strange light upon her face and in her eyes that gave him this thrill of anguish.

As he still held her, as he felt the tender clinging of her arms, the soft infantile pressure of her lips, he would have spoken of this fear; but steps approached, their arms fell, they stood apart, the shadow of a great rock divided them.

The guide took the torch from the fissure silently and led the way.

They followed; poor Molly was weeping she knew not why.

Alan turned towards her kindly.

"Molly, I will take good care of you in England.

"You have been a faithful friend to Grace.

"Now tell me, why is she so pale?"

"She've been talking too much with they live corpses," said Molly, with a sob, "and with their dreadful smiles and their long hands they wants to drag her soul clean out of her body.

"I feels that directly I see 'em come gliding in like black coffins on end, with a gashly white face peering of it.

"And they've tookt the fiddle away from her."

"Grace!" exclaimed her lover.

"Ach, it's true!" said Molly.

"She loved it too well—that's their preachment—and she's to give up all she loved—'cept anything ogly like."

"They cannot make her give me up, Molly," returned Lord Enderby, as he drew Grace closer to him.

"I shall be with you always," she answered, with infinite tenderness, "even to the end."

A silent pressure of the hand was his reply.

He was more cheerful, fancying he saw in her daily intercourse with the nuns a cause for that change in her to which he could give no earthly name.

A few weeks, nay a few days with him and Anne, and the brightness of this lovely world would come back to her.

So he would not allow this foolish foreboding to chill his joy.

He began to talk more gaily.

"I shall wrest your violin from the nuns, Grace, and, as we sail to England, you will play to us in the evenings on the deck."

She looked at him a little wistfully.

"I fear I cannot do that Alan.

"I have dedicated my violin to the service of Heaven.

"I have given it to the convent.

"Do not be sorry, Alan;" and, bending down her sweet face, she kissed his hand in her gentle Italian way.

How could he say he was sorry while her fresh lips touched him?

"Everything you do is well done, Grace," he answered.

"And I am not sorry that the music which saved my child should be given to Heaven.

These words of his seemed to touch her strangely.

"I was sure you would not be sorry," she said, a slight tremor in her voice.

"And the day will come when you will be glad.

"It is given, not taken—all the music in my soul—freely, joyfully given, Alan, unto Him who gave it unto me."

"My darling, you have always used your great gift humbly.

"Heaven will not take it from you."

"Me," she said in answer; "and do you think, if I died, I should have it in heaven?"

The sweet childish question reminded him so dearly of those idyllic days when her hand and her voice had first touched the chords of his heart that in answering he called her by the old name, made dear by so many memories.

"My little Red Riding-hood," he said, holding her fondly to him, "why do you talk like this?

"Your music is your very self; it will be with you on earth, and with you in heaven."

At this moment the guide nearest to them stopped and turned suddenly.

"I doubt if the bridge is very safe after these floods," he said.

"Has the Princess explained this to her English friend?"

"Not yet," she answered softly.

Her voice was firm, but she was very pale, even to the lips.

"I thought the Princess would explain during the five minutes we waited," returned the man.

"The river is rushing down strongly: every minute's delay adds to the danger; still, if the Excellenza wishes——"

"Yes," Grace interposed hurriedly.

"Give me just a moment."

Again, as before, the man struck the torch into a rent in the rock and left them.

"Alan," Grace said, her soft quiet voice having just a touch of trembling in its tone, "you have not asked me how I found you."

"My dearest, all explanations can wait till to-morrow.

"Let us hurry on: the man said there was danger in delay, and I am in haste to quit this darkness."

She stayed his step with her tender hand, saying—

"You will be beneath the starlight in a few minutes more.

"It was yesterday—only yesterday, Alan, that my enemy and yours told me you were in the Pass of the Needles.

"He boasted to me that your friend, whose safety he had secured, would be detained till after your death.

"He had arranged that Lord Soulis should arrive just in time to hear the shot fired."

"And you have disappointed him, Grace dearest—you have saved me!"

For answer she put her arms about his neck and hid her face a moment on his shoulder; he felt the hurried beating of her heart and her breath coming quickly.

"And he was full of triumph doubtless yesterday?" continued her lover, laying his hand upon her head.

"He reckoned without your love and courage, my Red Riding-hood."

"Yes," she said, in her sweetest, calmest tone; "he did not know what I could do.

"Since the receipt of a telegram from Paris, after Lady Brentwyche died, my father has sought for you anxiously, and Delgado has feigned to help in this search.

"But I knew his secret resolve was that you should perish.

"There was only one way to save you, Alan, one way only by which I could reach you; that was through these caverns.

"At the Pass of the Needles I should have been stopped by the brigands.

"So I went to my father, and secretly he got guides and—and men who will lead you into safety."

"But he does not know you came with them, Grace?"

"I hope he will forgive me," she answered.

Lord Enderby pressed her closely to him.

Again that chill foreboding hand coldly on his heart; he feared he knew not what.

"Grace, I feel you have passed through some great danger for me—or will pass it.

"What is it, dearest?"

"There is only one part of this transit through the mountain really dangerous," she answered, evading a reply to his question.

"It is where a narrow bridge crosses a deep chasm.

"We shall reach it in a moment."

As she spoke, Lord Enderby was conscious that the question he had asked was not answered.

He would have pressed her for a reply; but the guide returned, took up his torch, and beckoned to them to follow him.

"Alan," continued Grace, her voice earnest and calm, "you perceive—do you not?—that this is the sole way by which you could escape.

"To pass our Lady's Needles was impossible.

"Until the morning breaks, the robbers will not know that you are gone: you will be safe then."

His heart swelled within him as she spoke.

Why had she accompanied these men? Why had she incurred this danger?

She divined the question he did not utter and, holding his hand, she said, a little hurriedly—

"It was a necessity—without my presence you would still be where I found you sleeping."

"Grace, dearest, all my life is yours to repay you."

"Stand back!" said the guide suddenly holding his torch low and raising his other hand in warning.

"By the light thus lowered, a black abyss was made visible, running transversely by their path, a few feet from where they stood.

It seemed so close, so terrible in its depth, that Lord Enderby involuntarily drew back, gathering Grace within his arms.

One of the men held his torch over the abyss, while another flung into it some pieces of flaming paper.

They fluttered down and down, lighting up the horrible blackness of the chasm, till they were swept away into darkness by the swift waters that rolled onwards in its lowest deep.

The flare of the torch glared into the face of the man who held it, as he drew back with a laugh, saying to his companion—

"I don't think the Englishman would have crossed that without a guide, if he had tried to escape."

The words startled Lord Enderby; he began to fear some treachery; but, looking at Grace, he saw her still calm, fearless, and steadfast.

Yet she held his hand tightly; but more in dread for him than for herself.

"The bridge is low down," said the other guide.

"Pardon me, I will walk on the dangerous side."

With great nerve he skirted the edge of the precipice on his right hand, while Grace and Lord Enderby walked on his left.

Another man took charge of Molly.

A few steps and a short turn, still on the edge of the abyss, brought them to a narrow bridge crossing the chasm.

Beneath it, at such a depth that the light of a lowered torch could not touch its darkness with a single gleam, there rolled a deep swift flood, rushing onwards in smooth and awful silence.

But from a distance there came upon the ear the muffled roar of a great waterfall.

It was the river leaping, after its smoothness, over a precipice lower down in the heart of the mountain, whence it made a new subterranean way for itself down to the plains and on to the light.

The foremost guide stepped cautiously upon the bridge and examined the supports with his light.

"The floods have done mischief," he said, "as I feared.

"Only one can pass at a time; and even for that weight it is scarcely safe," he added with much gesture and a great shrug of his broad shoulders.

Then he left the bridge and beckoned to Grace to come to him.

Lord Enderby felt the clasp of her slender fingers slowly unclose; then she stepped a few paces onwards, and he saw her bend her head and listen as the man whispered to her.

As the light fell upon her face, it shone as with a glory, and her brow was calm and steadfast as a saint's.

In a moment she came back and took her lover's hand again.

"The men mean to cross first," she said, in a quiet voice.

"This will test the safety of the bridge, they say."

"They are cowards!" exclaimed Lord Enderby hotly.

"One alone should go to test the bridge, and then you and Molly should cross."

"I will propose it to them," said Grace; and a smile flitted for a moment on her lips.

"But I think they will not consent; and I feel it fair the danger, if any, should be mine, not theirs."

Again she spoke, at a little distance, to the foremost guide: but by the torch he carried Lord Enderby read on his face a sullen determination which boded no good to her prayer.

"What his Excellency asks cannot be done," said the man, raising his voice; "it is against orders."

Grace returned to Lord Enderby and laid her hand lightly on his arm without a word.

She did not tell him what her request had been.

"See here, Excellency," said the man, drawing nearer.

"If I or any of my men should fall tomorrow into the hands of the folk yonder in the pass, we should die; so it is fair we should place ourselves in safety first.

"The bridge has been shaken by the flood; whether it will bear us or no I can't say; but, at all events, we take first chance which is also first risk.

"Surely you would not ask the ladies to test the bridge first, and try if it is safe for us men?"

"No," returned Lord Enderby.

"One of the men should go over first, and then the ladies—that is the custom in our country."

The guide laughed.

"Such places as these are not to be found in your country.

"And who will be first man to go over? Ask who will volunteer that, will you?

"Our way of going is two and two roped together.

"Who will test the bridge by crossing over first alone?" he cried, raising his voice loudly.

A laugh at first answerd him; then a voice said gruffly—"No one," while another man cried out—

"Let the Englishman himself volunteer to do that."

"So I will!" Lord Enderby exclaimed. "I shall be right glad to be the man to cross first, provided the ladies come over next."

"Agreed," returned the man sullenly; "but you must go alone.

"The men are angry; there is no one of them will be roped to you."

"I do not ask it," said Lord Enderby.

"Grace," he added, turning to her as she stood silent by his side, her hand still lightly resting on his arm, "do not be alarmed. What they refuse to do would be no real safeguard.

"If the bridge fell, it would drag twenty men down into the abyss in its fall, provided so many were roped together.

"There is no danger really in my crossing alone.

"Somehow I do not myself doubt the safety of the bridge.

"These men are exaggerating its weakness."

"The bridge is firm," said Grace, in a low voice.

"I shall not be afraid to see you cross it."

She said that she was fearless, suddenly she flung her arms round him and held him closely, and he felt the trembling of her slight frame from head to foot.

"Grace dearest," he said, pressing her head tenderly on his breast, "do not fear; in another moment you will see me safely on the other side.

"Then I shall return to you."

She caught at these words eagerly.

"Yes, yes; you will come to me.

"Now I can let you go.

"See, I am quite calm.

"I am not afraid."

Her arms relaxed their hold slowly; then she caught his hand, but let that go also and stood alone, her steadfast eyes full of love and light.

Lord Enderby felt a strange yearning, a strange desire to seize her in his arms and swiftly cross the bridge thus; the fear of endangering her safety withheld him.

He approached the guide, and would have taken his torch, but the man drew back.

"No signor; I will light you.

"Both your hands will be needed in crossing to hold by the rope which is the only rail.

"You had better be quick; the flood increases every moment.

"Hark!

"You will hear the roar of its approach."

He held the torch low; the narrow bridge, the frail rope which served for hand-rail, the black abyss were plainly visible in its glare.

Another instant and Lord Enderby was on the plank; it shook beneath his tread, and seemed to throb to the rush of the swift black waters that rolled below.

But it bore him safely; his feet touched the firm rocks on the opposite shore.

In front was an impenetrable darkness, behind him the smoke and glare of torches.

He had proved the safety of the bridge.

He turned to retrace his steps to fetch Grace; but as he did so, a sudden black darkness met him.

Every torch was extinguished at the same instant.

"Do not stir a step for your life!" cried the voice of the foremost guide.

Then Lord Enderby heard the tramp of feet, and after this a sudden fall or crash.

"The bridge is gone!" said the same voice close beside him.

"Relight your torches, men!"

It was done; and then Lord Enderby saw the bridge hanging downward on the other side, suspended by its frail supports, one end still upon the rock, the other lost in the darkness below.

A black chasm now stood between him and Grace.

He saw her on the same spot where they had parted, her arm around Molly, who was weeping, two men standing beside her—the two whom she had spoken of as her father's tenants.

"Grace?" he cried in anguish.

"I am here," she answered, her sweet voice ringing across the river, clear and steadfast.

"Go on quickly, Alan; you will soon reach the starlight."

"Go on," he cried, "and leave you?

"No, never, Grace!"

He turned angrily to the three men who had rushed across the bridge, and who stood close by him.

"Cowards!" he said.

"Why did you cross?"

"Each man for his own life," replied one of them sullenly.

Lord Enderby felt there was treachery in the air; but he knew not whom to accuse.

"Why were the torches extinguished?" he asked, in a sharp tone.

"See here, signor; it was the blast of air through the arch yonder that did it, before the freshet rushed down.

"What can you expect when the floods are out.

"The bridge then is always dangerous.

"The sole thing to do now is to push on fast and get planks and ropes, and then come back for the lady."

This proposition appeared reasonable; yet Lord Enderby's fears and suspicions were not quelled.

"Go instantly then," he said.

"I will remain here until you return."

"We do not stir a step without the English signor," replied the spokesman doggedly.

In this resolve they all three persisted, in spite of angry expostulations, entreaties and promises of reward beyond their dreams.

"The Englishman only wastes time," they said to one another.

"In an hour the river will rise to the top and overflow and carry everything before it.

"Of what use will planks or ropes be then?"

Lord Enderby heard this with an agony of doubt and horror.

Grace called to him, entreating him to go at once.

The men on her side did the same; Molly added her cries to theirs.

The three men with him stood close beside him in quiet determination.

He felt he was their prisoner.

One of them lowered his torch over the edge of the rock that he might see how fast the river rose, how sullenly and swiftly it rolled on.

As he looked, he was convinced that they had spoken truly.

On such a flood, rushing in awful strength towards the great falls below, a plank would be a straw, a boat would be swept to destruction.

"Grace," he cried, across the chasm, "I go to rescue you!

"I will come to you again soon.

"Promise me you will not be afraid."

"I promise you," she answered.

"Will it please you if you hear my voice, as you go on your way, far as it will reach you?"

"My darling, it will be a comfort.

"I shall feel assured you are still safe," he said; and, waving his hand to her for the last time, he followed the beckoning guides and vanished in the darkness.

"Molly," said Grace, her voice quivering, "he has spoken truly; he will come to me; but I shall return to him no more."

She looked upwards for a moment with clasped hands; and then, mindful of her promise, began to sing.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THROUGH the gruesome, dark caverns, through the narrow, rocky ways, Grace's glorious voice followed her lover, and her good-night was echoed and re-echoed again and again.

When it ceased, Lord Enderby felt his heart sink.

Even now he would have rushed back; but his conducters withstood him, asking, with a laugh, how he would go without torches and without guides.

Then they quickened their pace, and in a few moments a subdued light broke upon them from the last passage into which they entered.

It was the light of a large and sinking moon fading before the first faint gray of dawn.

The three men stopped here, and the foremost accosted Lord Enderby.

"Will the English signor get the password ready now?

"We are close on the watch."

Lord Enderby comprehended the man but dimly; yet, remembering the paper Grace had given him, he took it from his pocket and unfolded it, yet waited to read it till he reached the light.

They were all now nearing the narrow archway that led into the free air.

Just within this he was surprised to see a group of four or five men, some lounging as if asleep, others smoking and talking in subdued tones.

All started up at the approach of footsteps and stood on the defensive, some with rifles in their hands, others with knives and pistols.

Lord Enderby recognized them; they were men from the brigand band.

He guessed instantly that they guarded the egress from the caverns; so, were it possible for a prisoner to traverse them in safety, he would at this point be seized.

His heart misgave him as this truth rushed upon him, and the sense of coming evil grew heavy on his soul.

"Friends!" cried the guide.

"The password," replied the others.

"You have a paper for me, I think?" said one of them, making a sign to Lord Enderby.

He looked down, bewildered, on the slip of paper fluttering in his hand, and read these words in Italian:

"Let pass freely and safely the person who gives you the words, 'Obey or die,' and who wears a ring of a blue color having a yellow spiral line in the stone, and engraved within its circlet the same motto, 'Obey or die.'

"Signed, PIETRO DELGADO."

Lord Enderby felt as though a hand had seized him by the heart; the sudden conviction of some dreadful treachery overpowered for a moment his self-control and his reason.

The brigand took the paper from his hand and read it coolly.

"It is all right," he said, turning with a laugh, to his companions, "and I see he is wearing the ring.

"Will his Excellency permit me to examine it a little nearer?

"Yes, I perceive he is the person indicated.

"Pass on friend; you are free."

"But the bridge has fallen!" exclaimed Lord Enderby.

"I must return instantly with ropes and planks to rescue the lady.

A general laugh greeted this speech.

"The lady will go out the other way through the Needles, after the ransom is paid this morning."

Lord Enderby grasped a rock near him, for he staggered beneath this blow, and felt all the blood forsake his face and rush to his heart in a stream of agony.

"So you have let the bridge down?" said the same man to the others.

"It will be an hour's work to wind it up again.

"Could you not have managed without that?"

"He would not cross without her," returned the other, in a half whisper.

"We had to say the bridge was dangerous; that got him over first.

"Then we tugged at the pulleys, and down it came with a crash."

They all laughed again.

"Well, I think we are sure of the ransom now, besides the money paid to let the Signor Englishman escape," observed one of them.

"Our handsome friend is right enough there."

"Had not his Excellency better hurry to reach his friend and bring the ransom on quickly?" said the man who had acted as guide, addressing Lord Enderby.

"You see no one can answer for the lady's safety if the ransom does not arrive."

Lord Enderby heard this, and remembered Grace's words, that Delgado held Soulis a prisoner.

He flung the men aside who stood in his way, and rushed out into the dawning light.

He found himself on a rough rocky path on the mountain side, with the glimmering sea and the city of Palermo far below at his feet.

* * * * * *

"Sing again, Miss Grace—oh, do sing again!

"I am so lonesome," said poor Molly, clinging to her piteously.

Grace kissed her, and put reassuring arms about her tenderly.

"Molly, you have been a true, kind friend to me.

"You will be loved all your life for that.

"Do not fear; nothing shall hurt you.

"You will see the sunlight again soon.

"I will sing, if it will comfort you.

"Rest here, with your head upon my shoulder, and perhaps you will sleep.

"Now I will sing one of the hymns we loved in the old days at Penalunn."

She began to sing softly; but one of the men who had remained with her and Molly drew near, saying in the Sicilian dialect:

"It is time we returned; the dawn will be here in an hour."

Grace rose without a word, and put her arm around Molly.

"We must go back, dear, by the way we came.

"You must not be afraid to stay with me.

"You will soon reach the light.

"Dear, dear Molly, always remember this.

"I could not have endured the sorrow or the joy of this dark time without your true heart by my side."

They walked on, with arms interlaced; Grace singing.

They got back to the grotto where Grace had found her lover sleeping, and here they sat down and waited for the day.

They were alone; the two men, tenants of the Duke, who were none the worse robbers for that fact, left them and joined the rest of the band.

The brigands on this side, beyond the Needles, knew nothing of the exchange of prisoners; the others dared not confess that they had been bribed; but they thought in their hearts the ransom was safe now, as Lord Enderby would rather save this life than his own.

Molly, weary and troubled with the indistinct trouble of a child, slept a little, but woke at intervals ever to find Grace watchful, sometimes silent, but often singing softly snatches of hymns, dear in days gone by, when she sang by the Cornish sea.

She chose a voice here and there, sometimes from one hymn, sometimes from another.

"Molly dear Molly, are you awake?"

"My heart's awake, but my eyes are full of sleep.

"I reckon the light's long in coming.

"Be they mending the bridge now for us to pass?"

"Molly, there is a river without a bridge—a black river.

"I am trying not to be afraid to cross it.

"Are you asleep again, Molly?"

There was no answer; Molly's eyes were closed.

She smoothed Molly's forehead and kissed it, and then began to sing again.

"Is the day come?" said Molly, waking once more.

"Not yet; but it is close at hand, Molly.

"Oh, Molly, dear Molly, try to keep awake, for your voice comforts me."

"I am wakeful now," returned Molly.

"I dreamed the angels were singing to me, and I wasn't your guardyin angel any more.

"No, I don't want to sleep any more, for that was an ogly dream."

"I will be your angel, dear Molly, if I can in the time to come.

"Molly, I want to unsay something.

"I said I was afraid of the dark river; but I am not afraid now—remember that always—not afraid now, only glad, exceeding glad.

"And in the fair years to come, in Alan's dear home, you will think of me, Molly, as being very joyful and happy."

"Won't you be there?" asked Molly, wistfully.

"What's the good of home without you?"

"I shall be there, I think, Molly; but I dare not promise that.

"See—the dawn is breaking!"

"Then let us sing for joy," cried Molly, starting up; "for, seeming to me, I haven't seen the blessed sunlight these hundred years!"

Grace put both her arms about her as she stood, and kissed her.

"Yes; let us sing for joy, Molly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

FLESH-FORMERS.—According to the *Medical Times and Gazette*, the oyster contains 14 per cent of flesh-forming material, this being almost precisely the amount obtained from the egg. Lean beef contains but 5 per cent. more of muscle-making matter, and but 2 per cent. more of fat than the oyster.

SHEET ZINC.—Sheet zinc is being largely used for ceilings in Germany, especially where the beams of the upper floor are made of iron. The use of wood is entirely dispensed with, and excellent decorative effects are produced by stamping, painting, and gilding, or bronzing a portion of the ornaments.

WEIGHT OF AIR.—All know that air has weight, but one is apt to have rather vague ideas as to the weight of comparatively limited quantities of it. A cubic foot of air weighs 538.1 grains, or something over one ounce; 13.08 cubic feet of air weigh one pound. About sixty-five cubic feet of air furnish one pound of oxygen. An apartment eight feet high, twelve feet wide and thirteen feet long contains 100 pounds of air; and a room forty feet square and eighteen feet high contains about a ton.

A WARNING LAMP.—An ingenious adaptation of the electric signaling system has been effected in connection with a lamp which is made to give notice of either a burglarious entrance into or a fire upon premises where it is employed. The apparatus consists of a small battery with wire leading to attachments on doors and windows, and other wires communicating with the lamp, which may be placed either inside or outside the premises, as preferred. Upon a door or a window being moved, after the apparatus has been set for the night and the lamp lighted, a red glass disc is released by the aid of a small electro-magnet placed within the lamp, and a red or danger signal is thus given, the light having previously been white. For fire purposes a special thermometer is used, and when the raised temperature causes the mercury to rise, and the lamp at once shows the danger signal. Placed outside houses or public buildings, this lamp would afford a sure index to the police as to the safety or otherwise as to the safety of the interior of the premises.

Farm and Garden.

STIR THE SOIL.—One of the best horticulturists America has ever known, said: "If I were to preach a sermon on horticulture I should take as my text, 'Stir the Soil.' Frequent and deep stirring will enable one to grow fine vegetables on comparatively poor and slightly manured soil, while without it one fails to gain the proper advantage, even from the richest and finest soil."

LIME WATER.—White worms, which infest occasionally all soils where plants are kept in pots, may be removed as follows: Lime water may be sprinkled over the soil, or a little slaked lime may be sprinkled also on the earth and in the saucer of the pot. Lime water may easily be made by slaking a large piece of lime in a pail of cold water, letting it settle and then bottling for use. Give each pot a tablespoonful twice a week.

LEARNED NAMES.—Learned names of plants are used by writers, because, as a rule, local or common names have no significance. The derivation of the names is one of the interesting features in the study of plants; often they are commemorative, sometimes historical, again for their uses in the arts, or for their supposed medical properties. In all cases they mean something, which cannot be said of such names as Bouncing Bet, May-weed, Butter-and-Eggs, Red-hot-Poker, Rag-end, Squaw-weed, etc., etc.

HARNESS.—Harness rots, cracks, and without frequent oiling comes to grief at an early date. The safer way is to have a place for the harness in the carriage house, or some building outside the stable. If the stable alone is available, it should be kept free from the smell of ammonia by the constant use of absorbents, sawdust, soils, road dust, straw, or refuse hay. A harness properly cared for and kept clean and pliable will last twice as long as one that is neglected. It is much cheaper to spend ten cents for neat's-foot oil, once in three months, than fifty cents at the harness maker's.

PLOWING IN WINTER.—Periods of mild weather occasionally occur during the winter, and where the fall plowing has been omitted, it may profitably be done later. The agency of frost in making the soil fine and increasing its fertility, is not sufficiently appreciated. If the soil be trenched or plowed after the crops are gathered and left in deep furrows, nearly twice the surface is exposed to the frost. The alternate freezing and thawing breaks down the coarse lumps and makes the plant food therein more available for the crops of the coming season. Plowing at this season also disturbs the winter retreat of many insects that will be destroyed by exposure to frost.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 6, 1883.

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"ALONG THE LINE."

Under the above title, we begin in this issue of THE POST a new serial by the favorite author, George Manville Fenn, already well known to our readers by his "Under Wild Skies," "Beneath the Sea," and "Ship Ahoy." While differing in many respects from those charming stories, it possesses all those qualities of incident, romance and adventure, which have made him, in his particular line, the foremost writer of the day.

THE NEW YEAR.

It is the custom, and it seems but just, that as the old year draws nearer and nearer to his end, grave thoughts stir the hearts of the most frivolous among us. The many things which we have left undone during his course, the sins of commission and omission of which we have been guilty, come and stand before us like pale accusing ghosts.

We think, if the year had but a few days more to live, how we would atone for the precious time we have wasted; how we would extend the hand of reconciliation to the one who has injured us, and beg forgiveness of the one who has been wounded by careless words or acts of ours.

And then we remember that, God willing, we may do all this while the year is yet young, and brave resolutions spring into vigorous life within us; our thoughts set themselves to a more serious strain, and one by one we remember all the goodly gifts we have received at the hands of the Old Year. One of our loved ones has gone forth from among us, and is doing well and nobly in the battle of life; perhaps another has been preserved in some season of peril; we ourselves, weighing our joys and sorrows in the balance, find the scales depressed on the sides of our joys.

Suddenly the stillness is broken by the sound of a clock striking. Then all the bells, far and near, from steeple and tower, clang out a noisy welcome from their brazen throats, and we know that the New Year is born. Surely, no other bells are ever so solemn or so touching. For a moment we stand hushed and awe-struck, watching "the skirts of the departing year," striving to pierce the vail of futurity, to see what his successor has in store for us. Then we turn with extended arms to those beside us, and exchange warm and loving good wishes with them. The hand of the young man seeks that of the girl beside him, as he whispers to her fond words of hope for the future, which they are so soon to begin to spend together; husband and wife draw closer to each other; and the aged grandfather raises his voice and blesses the group around him. Then, while the bells are still pealing merrily, we mount the stairs with noiseless footsteps and steal softly into the children's room. To the silent watcher standing beside them it seems as though their purity and innocence must insure them "a happy new year," and it would be well for the prayer which is begun for them ends in a petition for ourselves, that we in the dawning year may be even made "like unto them."

SANCTUM CHAT.

STATISTICS are published in India of persons and domestic animals killed last year by snakes and wild beasts; also of snakes and wild beasts killed by men. Snakes alone in that year are declared to have destroyed 18,570 human lives, and wild animals 2,757 lives. The lives of 43,600 cattle, in the same period, were taken by snakes and wild animals. The number of snakes destroyed during the year was 254,967, and of wild animals, 15,274.

—

WHO marries for love takes a wife; who marries for fortune takes a mistress; who marries for position takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, and tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your home and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, and your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, your lady your debts. If you are dead, your wife will weep, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?

—

AN opera house on wheels is the latest dramatic novelty, and a company, with headquarters at Kansas City, has been organized to build and manage it. It is to consist of eight railway cars which can be extended by ingenious mechanism into a capacious structure, with auditorium and stage complete, and is designed for the benefit of communities which do not possess facilities for the production of plays. It will run from place to place on the railroads, and carry a portable track upon which it can be switched off and transformed into a theatre.

—

A LITTLE boy of one of the charitable institutions was being taken to a New Jersey farm by an agent, the owners of the farm having had the boy "bound" to them for a number of years, when the agent noticed that the boy kept placing his hand inside of his jacket on the left side, and occasionally would peep within, with a tender look. At last he said, "What have you got there, my little friend?" "Oh, nothing," he replied, "only a bit of my mother's dress, which I've sewed on my coat; it was the dress she had on when she died, and now it kind of comforts me to touch it."

—

IN a recent performance at a theatre in London the head-dress of a lady shone with an electric star, the light being furnished by an accumulator carried upon the fairy's back. "It is dangerous," says a London paper, "to put on the robe of the prophet, but sooner or later, as an electric star can dwarf into insignificance and paltriness the grandest parure of diamonds that ever issued from a mine, some lady—probably American—will electrify and arouse the envy of her sisters by appearing at one of our theatres with a head-dress of such stars. Managers might admit such visitors free for illuminating purposes."

—

THE latest life saving device comes from Ohio. It consists of a catapult similar to those used in circuses for throwing acrobats into the air, and is called by its inventor "The Vacuum Gun '82." The projectile to be fired out of the gun to the stranded or sinking vessel consists of a relief boat, folded umbrella-like, which contains a human being—one of the life-saving crew. This man goes into the canoe, closes all the apertures, and surrounds himself by rubber air-bags. He is is not to be fired in a sitting position, but is supposed to lie flat, with his feet to the stern. The idea is for the man, when the canoe projectile reaches the water, to raise himself up and scatter life-preservers and air-bags to drowning persons.

—

THE age is one of productive industry. Its active principle is invention. Mind (not the body) is the inventive power; the directive power that can manage and use machines to advantage is mental and not physical skill. The growth of invention is so rapid that the increase of manufacturing power by the aid of machinery is said to double, for all the world, once in seven years. The multiplication of steam engines, and the improvement of machines, renders this possible. What unintelligent hand-labor is there that has any certainty of being in demand ten years hence? More than this—what trade is there that can count on using, ten years hence, just the kind of technical skill that it requires now?

—

ONCE upon a time, the conversation having turned, in presence of Dr. Franklin, upon riches, and a young person in the company had expressed his surprise that they ever should be attended with such anxiety and solicitude, instancing one of his acquaintances who, though in possession of unbounded wealth, yet was as busy and more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting-house. The doctor took an apple from a fruit-basket and presented it to a little child who could just totter about the room. The child could scarcely grasp it in his hand. Then choosing a second, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the two, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there," said the philosopher, "there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

—

A LONDON daily newspaper, in a recent editorial on the death of an expert on handwriting, says: "Brothers frequently write singularly like each other, and any one who has paid the slightest attention to the subject cannot fail to notice the broad peculiarities which the calligraphy of certain people possesses in common. There is no mistaking the broad, expansive, clearly-formed letters of those who have been taught to write in the schools of America. The admirable handwritings of the Scandinavians are so much alike that experts will be enabled to pick out from a hundred examples almost every one executed by a Dane, a Norwegian, or a Swede. The Italian handwriting is also so marked that it is one of the "styles" affected by writing masters, and the pretty, scratchy characters of a Frenchman, with the flourish and sudden redundancies, inevitably suggests the gay, volatile, fickle character, of the race to which he belongs."

—

AN English project which has for its aim nothing less than a revolution in the inland transportation of merchandise will probably be brought before Parliament sometime during the winter for its sanction. Broadly stated, the proposal is to lay out a series of roadways, radiating from Liverpool to the centres of manufacturing industry in South Lancashire; to carry along these roadways a double set of iron plates corresponding in breadth with the wheels of ordinary wagons, to set the loaded wagons on this smooth plateway, and draw them by steam traction engines to their appointed destination. The wagons, which will be similar to those in general use on ordinary roads, except that the axles will not be of the same length, will be loaded directly from the steamer or the factory, drawn by horses to the nearest station of the "plateway," and there attached to a long line of similar vehicles with an engine at its head. Arrived at their destination, horses will draw them to the factory or steamer. The metal plates will be laid in two parallel rows, with low flanges on the outer edge to keep the wagons on the track. It is thought that $125,000 a mile will construct and equip the plateway, and that the cost of maintaining and operating it will be comparatively small. Passenger traffic is excluded from the scope of the scheme; it is confined entirely to goods.

—

PROFESSOR PROCTOR says men of science may amuse themselves by speaking of life being brought to the earth by the arrival of a meteor, in reality a fragment of some once-peopled world which has been destroyed by conflict with another or by internal disturbance. But this is more a scientific jest than a grave reality. Astronomy knows nothing of worlds coming into conflict. On the contrary, the laws of motion assure us that if anything is so unlikely to occur that it may be regarded as absolutely impossible, it is the encounter of two orbs in mid space; nor have we any reason to suppose that a planet can be rent into fragments by internal convulsions. If we had, we have not the slightest reason for supposing that orbs thus unfortunate would be more likely to be inhabited than their more lucky fellow worlds. If these were inhabited already, we gain nothing by bringing to them the fragments of other worlds which have exploded; and if they were not inhabited, while the burst or shattered worlds were, we are called to imagine (for no one can believe) the absurdity that only inhabited worlds are liable to destruction, for the benefit of those which are without inhabitants. To which absurdity the following additional one is superadded, that the seeds of life would survive the destruction of their planet home, and the journeying through millions on millions of years (rather millions of millions) which science assures us they would have to make through the cold of interstellar space before they would fall on any other world. And all these absurdities are to no purpose, so far as the origin of life is concerned, for they take us back but a step, which brings us in reality no nearer to all life

THOUGHTS.

BY E. A.

The visions of fancy have pass'd away
That ruled for an hour supreme.
And the mingled cares that have mark'd the day
Appear like a dreadful dream.

That leisure time that we sought to kill
Has slowly but surely gone;
And angel watchers their records fill
Of thoughts which to Heaven are borne.

A year with its business, its joys, its pain,
Is snatched from our sojourn here;
A year which hereafter will rise again
To bring with it hope or fear.

And silence with all a monarch's sway
Rules man, and beast, and bird,
Then let us recall of this dying year
Each passing thought and word.

And for every sinful thought and deed,
Let us ask forgiveness now.
The next we may not have power to plead,
Or before our God to bow.

This Year and Last.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

A GLORIOUSLY lovely face, upturned to the dark blue-black sky, whose thickly-sown stars, shining through the frosty Christmas night, were not more bright and holy than the clear grey eyes that were looking so steadfastly at them.

Her face was grave—refined.

The very essence of a sweet womanliness was written on it, and the day when St. John had brought all the rich warm flushes to the usually pale cheeks, and made her eyes droop before his passionate glances, and her slender form tremble at his eager pleading, it had seemed to him that in winning Marguerite Grace he had gained all that was desirable to possess in the wide world.

That had happened a few months before; back in the summer days when they had met at the seashore, and dreamed away the happy hours.

And Marguerite was thinking it all over now, standing all alone with the silent starry night, in the window whose thick draperies hid her from all the world inside.

She had been so happy—so perfectly happy since that blazing diamond ring of St. John's had been on her finger—and she lifted it to her cool pale cheeks in a passionate little caress at the thought.

A summons on the door-gong scattered her tender reverie, and a moment later a respectful servant parted the drapery at the great oriel window, and called her by name.

"If you please, Mrs. Grace, a lady wishes to see you in the reception parlor."

She took the card he handed her, a little surprised at a call at ten o'clock.

"Mrs. Clifton St. John,"—the dainty little enamelled sheet read—Lester St. John's mother.

What did she want?

Why had she come?

What could she wish of her?

But there was not the slightest trace of the little curious concern she felt, as she went into the magnificent saloon, a slender queenly creature, robed in plain black velvet, with a sparkling jet cross at her throat, and a great gleaming red rose pinned at her waist.

A woman to bewilder men and women by her rare pale loveliness, her gracious elegance.

"It is no wonder he is mad over her—I can understand that myself," Mrs. St. John thought as she rose, and Marguerite crossed the velvety carnation-hued carpet towards her.

"Mrs. St. John," she pronounced, in her low cultured tone.

"Yes, and this is Mrs. Grace, I believe?"

"Mrs. Grace.

"Please be seated."

"Yes, thanks.

"If I am correctly informed, Mrs. Judge Corisand's resident governess?"

Marguerite was instantly conscious of the polite hostility in her visitor's tone, but she simply bowed.

"Then I am right," Mrs. St. John said, in a pleasant relentless way that, somehow, sent thrills of vague unrest all over the graceful little figure standing beside the high upholstered chair.

"You are astonished, I dare say, at being called to receive me, a stranger, at this late hour of the evening, but I am on my way home from Ferndale, and seeing you as I passed, it occurred to me as a favorable opportunity to see you—alone, knowing the family are all at the Ferndale reception.

Her manner was almost aggressive in its patronage, and Marguerite felt a little rebellious sensation.

"Thanks," she said, coldly; "I am very comfortable."

"Yes?

"You are engaged to my son, Lester St. John, I believe, Mrs. Grace?"

Then one of her rare, charming blushes surged warmly over Marguerite's fair face.

"I am engaged to your son, madam," she said, and there was a thrill of pride in the simple words.

"Ah, yes—so I have inferred.

"Well, you will pardon me, but such a contemplated alliance is utterly, entirely out of the question.

"I am surprised that you should have permitted even an engagement.

"Do you not know that it was most ungenerous of you—a woman with such a record as yours to marry into the St. John family?"

A look of utterly hopeless amazement came for a moment into Marguerite's eyes—then she would have spoken but that the icy, merciless tones went on again.

"Of course you will not try to deny that your record is objectionable?

"That you are a divorced woman, and adjudged by the courts who granted your husband his divorce, as being the unfaithful party?"

A deathly, agonized paleness spread over Marguerite's face.

"Madam!

"You a woman, a mother, to say this to—me!

"It is true I am a divorced woman, but Heaven knows how cruelly and unpardonably I have been traduced and slandered.

"The man who was my husband invented his infamous charge to obtain his freedom to marry a fortune.

"He was successful; he has married the fortune, while I——

"He in Heaven on His throne of justice and judgment knows that I am as innocent as you—that I am your equal, your son's equal."

Mrs. St. John listened calmly to the impassioned speech.

"But people will form their own opinions, you see, Mrs. Grace, and, unfortunately for you, I have formed mine.

"No son of mine can marry you with my consent.

"No son of mine would marry any woman without my consent.

"You must give him up."

"Give him up," Marguerite repeated the hideous words.

"Give him up, it would kill me.

"I cannot."

"That is morbid sentiment.

"Women who love well will sacrifice everything for the beloved.

"It is in your power to save my son from the fruits of his mad infatuation for you—the regret, the shame, the penitence that would have to come after you were his wife."

Marguerite's hands were agonizingly twisting and untwisting, and the look that was in her eyes went like sword blades through Mrs. St. John's worldly, calloused sensibilities.

"You say—you mean—" and Marguerite's voice was hushed and breathless, "that it is an infatuation?

"Why—he loves me.

"I am sure of it."

Mrs. St. John laughed lightly.

"You haven't known him a year yet.

"He has been just as madly in love with half-a-dozen pretty girls in the past five years.

"He always gets over it.

"He will get over this, Mrs. Grace, and—thank you for having saved him from his absurd folly."

Marguerite walked across the room once or twice, then paused by Mrs. St. John's chair.

"He knows all my sad story, madam.

"He would not give me up.

"He loves me."

"He does not love you.

"I know he is only fascinated by your beauty.

"He will tire soon—pardon me if I say I know he has already begun to tire.

"I speak of what I know.

"Break your engagement with him, and my word—his mother's word—he will not suffer long."

The anguished grey eyes, full of sublimest suffering, met the cold glittering black ones in a steady gaze.

Then—

"You, his mother, ought to know!

"He is tiring of me—already!

"I will give him his freedom, since you, his mother, who loves him, who ought to know, say he will be happier so!

"There—there," and she took a leaf from her pocket tablets, and pencilled a hasty note—"give him that, it is his reprieve, it is my death-warrant, but never mind, he will be happier.

"And I—oh Heaven——"

Mrs. St. John took the little pencilled message and put it in her glove, then arose and bowed grandly.

"You have done a most nobly generous act, Mrs. Grace, and I and my son and my family will never cease to regard it as such.

"Good night, madam."

And somehow Marguerite managed to summon the servant to show Mrs. St. John to her carriage, and then—she took herself to her room, and fell prone across the little white bed, lying like a dead woman, in sheer ecstasy of infinite despair and suffering.

Just as the midnight bells pealed out, loud and grandly solemn, the death of the day that had seen the blighting of her hopes, the birth of the morn that held no joy for her.

* * * * *

A year ago!

It is Christmas night again, and Marguerite Grace sits alone in her plain little room, with none of the elegancies of life around her; yet herself as peerless, as enchanting as in the bygone days when love and joy and hope reigned supreme for a few sunshiny hours.

There had been many changes since that fateful night when she thought her heart was breaking, while her soul was utterly crushed and bleeding.

But hearts do not break so readily.

Especially women's hearts that seem destined to live and suffer and yearn, on and on and on, until sleepless rest with folded hands would be so surpassingly sweet.

And Marguerite Grace had lived, and learned to be patient and even more gentle and tenderly sweet than before.

She had heard never a word from Lester St. John.

She had left the Corisandes because it was impossible for her to stand the nervous strain of any possibility of meeting the man she loved, had lost, and who had tired of her.

She had opened classes for vocal and instrumental instruction, and had prospered beyond her hopes.

She lived easily, comfortably and alone, for she had foresworn society, love, and marriage, this tender, true-hearted, lovely woman, and was only looking for quiet peace in the faithful performance of her daily duties.

Expecting nothing, therefore spared all pangs of disappointment.

Only to-night somehow she found her heart keeping vigil with the night.

Somehow she could not drown the memories, so bitter, of all that the olden days had given and taken from her.

But she had learned her lesson, and peace was in her heart, and there were no tears in her thoughtful eyes as she sat alone by her fire, this winter night, there was no flush of expectation on her pure sweet face as some one knocked at her little parlor door, and she quietly went to open it.

To see Lester St. John standing there.

And then all the life seemed dying out of her, for one spellbound minute.

The next, the beloved voice was speaking to her, agonized, imploring, thrilling with a man's absorbing passion.

"Marguerite!

"My lost love—an hour ago my mother called me to her sick bed and confessed how she had come between us, and prayed me to come to you—she never has lost sight of you, my love, and I pray you to forgive her, and come to her before she dies.

"Oh, Marguerite, my pure little pearl, that villain has confessed all his cruel lies against you—my mother wants you—you will forgive us—forgive me, my blessed one!"

He was leaning over her, his hands clasping hers, his dear eyes shining on her, and with a little cry of speechless joy, she flung her arm around his neck and lifted her sweet face to his.

"Kiss me, Lester.

"I have been so lonely!

"I am so glad you have come again!"

And the tears came to his handsome eyes as he folded her to his heart.

"You shall never be lonely again, my little darling!"

* * * * * *

Only a little later, after he had gone, and Marguerite was on her knees in worldless rapture of thanksgiving, looking like some saint in her glowing white robe, and unbound hair of softest sunniest brown, and rapt, holy upturned eyes, and fair clasped hands—from out a neighboring church tower suddenly pealed the midnight hour, the same grand solemn clangor, and as she listened, the happy tears stole down her cheeks.

For she realized that, even as the midnight bells had rung the death-warrant of her happiness in the other days, so now they pealed the song of her victory over pain and loneliness and yearning for evermore.

"It was truly for her a blessed "joy" that came in the "morning" after her night of "weeping."

Carrie's Dream.

BY W. H. BENCKERT.

"I DON'T know what it is, aunt Martha," said Mrs. Tom Gordon reflectively, "that some people were born to be slaving and working day after day without ever having any good of anything; while there's no denying that others are born with a gold spoon in their mouth, as the saying goes."

Pale, languid, spine-afflicted aunt Martha glanced at Carrie Gordon's bright rosy face and sparkling eyes, and sighed.

For to her, health was the one boon for which she would have asked, but she made no comment, and the other continued—

"Now, there was Mary Vining, a poor girl who once worked in my father's family, and I never thought of associating with her then.

"But she married John Wilson about the time I married Tom, and now she rides in her own carriage, and boasts of her elegant furniture, her nice carpets, and the likes.

"I saw her pass by in her carriage to-day, and her husband was with her.

"And, though he is a good deal older than my Tom, he dyes his whiskers, and dresses so fine that he looks just like a young man.

"And to think aunt Martha, that I should have refused him twice, and that Mary should make airs over me."

"But you cannot see behind the scenes, dear," said aunt Martha.

"Riches always bring in their train many cares, you know.

"Besides, you love Tom, don't you?"

"Aunt Martha, I am really astonished at you!

"Love my darling Tom?

"As if I could help loving him; or as if I had been complaining only to think of her boasting over her brown-stone house uptown, when I have only this little cottage——"

"Love is the sun of every household," interposed her aunt.

Carrie Gordon was not convinced.

Not being giving to argument, she contented herself with looking away from her aunt into the grate, that keen cold December evening.

The fire burned and crackled therein, the flames quivering and dancing in crimson wreaths and tiny spires, that gradually, as she leant back in her chair and gazed steadily at them, shot up and intertwined themselves into tall and shapely arches.

Tiny golden jets in the centre writhed up to support them in broad crimson bars, while beneath spread out a key-board like that of the great church organ, from whence rolled forth weird strains of music—and aunt Martha sitting there grew young and fair, and the wrinkles and the anguished look of the hollow eyes were gone, leaving only a peaceful serenity that renewed the beauty of the pale face.

"Love is the sun of every household," she heard again, though whether it floated out from the organ of aunt Martha's calm lips, she scarcely knew—for within her was a vague sense of struggle, and unrest, and before she could realize what was transpiring around her, she was lifted out of herself and floating away on the strange music, till with a start and a shudder, she found herself in a velvet fauteuil, gazing at Mr. Tom Gordon, who sat reading his morning paper in an easy-chair—the exact counterpart of her own!

There was a superb pier glass near her; but, something to her dismay, she saw that instead of the rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes she used to admire, her countenance was pale and haggard, her eyes dull, sunken, and spiritless.

Had her muttered wish been strong enough to break through corporeal bars?

How else in the world did her plain cashmere resolve itself into that handsome velvet robe, and what lovely lace was that at her throat and wrists?

It was very comfortable, at all events; and sinking back in her luxurious chair, she fell to admiring her pretty embroidered slippers—all unconscious that Robert had twice announced Mrs. Mary Wilson, and that lady was in the room before she even heard her.

Instantly she recollected—or rather some inner consciousness belonging to her new being told her—that the elegantly-dressed lady was one of the all-powerful leaders of the *ton*: that she was very much afraid of her; that her sharp eyes would infallibly detect any flaw in herself or her surroundings.

Meanwhile the leader of the *ton* sat down.

"Dear me, how very close it is!" and she commenced fanning herself vigorously.

"You will learn in time how to regulate the heat of your rooms.

"From the cottage to a brown stone palace is quite a change for you, my dear."

"Ah, were I allowed to keep my darling baby with me——"

"Nonsense!" interposed the visitor tartly.

"Of course you can look into the nursery once or twice a day if you choose to do so; but the idea that you, especially in your present position, should take any personal supervision over the child is simply preposterous."

"Exactly!" burst out Mr. Tom Gordon from behind his paper.

"Time was though, when Mrs. Gordon, fearful of untoward influences, felt a decided repugnance to the idea of trusting her little daughter to the sole care of nurse or governess.

"But since her elevation to riches she has given up all those old-fashioned notions, I am happy to say," he added sarcastically.

Carrie Gordon had never been troubled with nerves or emotions, but in her new capacity she found herself secretly writhing, as though her husband's words were so many thrusts from the point of a dagger.

Her husband had grown strangely careless of her happiness, and unmindful of her feelings, whereas when a dweller in the little cottage—ah, what an age it seemed to her since then!—her lightest wish had ever been law.

Moreover, his clear grey eye had become red and bleary, his face unduly full and bloated; in short, there was every indication that her husband had become addicted to the intoxicating wine-cup.

"Oh, why was I not content to remain in the sunny cottage, where I was so supremely happy?" was her agonized mental cry.

And she must have turned pale, for Mrs. Wilson, who had been gazing steadily at Mrs. Gordon through her eyeglass, dropped it to remark—

"How fearfully pale and ill you look, my dear."

"Ill?

"Nonsense!" put in the irresistible Mr. Tom.

"What has Mrs. Gordon got to be ill about, I'd like to know?

"She has everything she wants, from a gold thimble to a diamond necklace.

"Ill?

"Fiddlestick!

"She's only got what in good old times we used to call the 'hypo.'

"That's what it is."

And with a contemptuous sniff, Mr. Gordon subsided again behind his paper.

"But what have you done with Mrs. Gordon's love?" asked a low, suppressed voice, as a man, with a somewhat sarcastic smile on his features, emerged from behind the

lace draperies at the window, and joined the ladies.

"Love, Wilson?

"My dear fellow, do you really believe a woman loves anything unless it be a handsome house or a grand equipage?"

"I did think so once, but when I found that my wife married me for my money——"

"How ridiculous you are," interposed Mrs. Wilson, turning her back upon her husband.

"Do talk sense, or keep silent.

"My dear Carrie, has Mrs. Wharton made you a party call yet?"

Carrie Gordon flushed, and answered in the negative.

"No?

"Really now, Alice is to blame.

"I said to her, remember that you begged an invitation, and ought to call.

"But she only laughed, and said, in her jesting way, that she merely wanted to see how your house was furnished, and how you would dress at your first party; that she was not even presented to you, telling my husband, who wished to introduce her, that she had not yet decided on forming your acquaintance.

"Still I thought she would come."

Had Carrie been in the little cottage, she would certainly have shown Mrs. Wilson to the door, but in the brown-stone mansion she could only turn crimson with mortification as she met the triumphant gaze of John Wilson, and was silent.

Shudderingly she glanced at the man, who now drew near, fixing his burning eyes upon her face as though to read her very soul.

"You once rejected my proffered love, Carrie Gordon," was hissed in her startled ear.

"There must be no refusal now. Come with me."

Carrie looked up with startled, half-terrified eyes.

She stretched out her arms towards her husband in mute appeal, only to find to her horror that both Tom and Mrs. Wilson had already left the room.

"Come!" continued her persecutor sternly.

"Let us leave all this splendid misery and be happy together."

A terrible future was opening before her, wherein she saw a lifetime of horrors, of remorse, of degradation, but from which she seemed powerless to escape, so inexorably did his strong will hold her fast.

"Come!" he repeated, grasping her cold hand, his white set face growing absolutely fiendish in its expression.

"Oh Heaven! in mercy save me!" wept and prayed poor Carrie.

"Give me back my husband and my happiness, and I will ask for nothing more!"

* * * * * *

And with a stifled cry, Carrie was broad awake, staring at aunt Martha and her husband, who stood smiling down upon her with baby Florrie in his arms.

"Thank Heaven it was only a dream!" she murmured.

"An ugly dream—was it not, little wife?" asked Tom pleasantly.

"The music of that grand organ across the way must have lulled you to sleep, no doubt.

"But I have news for you to-night.

"You remember Mary Vining, who married you old beau, John Wilson?

"Well, the creditors have come down on them to-day, and will take pretty nearly everything they have in the world.

"Walters, the officer sent up to take charge, says that he found madam in tears, and her husband railing at her for her extravagance in thus bringing ruin upon him."

"Poor Mary!" was all she said audibly, but her eyes glistened often and unaccountably that New Year's Eve, and at the first opportunity she whispered in her aunt's ear—

"You were right, aunt Martha; love is the sun, and the star of every household."

No Letters.

BY H. C.

WINTER weather had fairly set in at Holmwood Farm.

And winter meant winter out in those wildernesses where the giant pines lifted their green wrestling arms high above the ravines, and the hand of the ice came down like iron fetters on the noisy little brook and the still reed-fringed river.

The pearly slopes of the hills were muffled in snow.

The wind, whistling through leafless woods, woke the tiny echoes of a million icicles, and the little cold glitter of the December sunshine was like a mocking smile.

But the low-ceiled brooding old kitchen in Farmer Warren's one-storied farmhouse was all aglow with ruddy firelight, on that grey still sundown, when the evening star shone through the tangles of the pine boughs, and Jack Frost was abroad in every deserted nook.

There were pink buds on Ada's monthly roses in the window, and waxy clusters of coming bloom on the dark-leaved oleander.

The walls were yellow-washed, the casements curtained with bright chintz, and upon the board floor lay a bright-colored home-made rug, the work of Ada's own deft fingers.

And Ada herself, moving two and fro in the uncertain glow of the burning logs, was pretty enough for an artist's beau-ideal.

She was tall, and slight, and dark, with wavy black hair, fastened loosely at the back with an antique bar of silver filigree, large deep-brown eyes, and cheeks as pink as her own rosebuds, and dewy coral lips.

And the dark calico dress that she wore, belted trimly around the waist, and edged at the throat with the tiniest of white dainty ruffles, fitted her—well, as well as it possibly could.

She was singing softly to herself as she prepared the table for tea; but suddenly she paused.

"It's uncle Joe's step on the old bridge under the hill," she said aloud.

"He has come back from the post-office."

And peeping over the roses in the window, she saw a stout, well-wrapped up old man making his way along the winding path that led to the house.

The next instant she was hugging and kissing her uncle.

"There, there, child—there, don't choke me!" said uncle Joe, as he unwound his crimson wool comforter, and unbuttoned the coat which gave him such a close family resemblance to a grizzly bear.

"Well, uncle Joe," said breathless Ada, "and the letters?"

"Letters, child?" with a glance at the outstretched hand.

"There ain't no letters to-night.

"Nothing but a newspaper, and an advertising circular about paintings and organs."

"No letters, uncle Joe?"

"Hold on!" said uncle Joe, seeming suddenly to remember himself.

"There was one.

"I put it in my inside breast-pocket, and I'm blest if I didn't mean forget all about it."

Ada jumped up and down with delight, like a child.

"I knew there was one!

"I knew Cousin Alice would write," she said.

She carried the letter to the red illumination of the logs, and read it eagerly, once, twice over.

And then the hand that held it fell to her side, as she stood looking intently into the fire.

"Well," said uncle Joe, "and what does Alice say?"

"Say?"

Alice started from her reverie.

"Oh, she says she's very well.

"And the barrel of apples arrived safe, and they're much obliged."

Uncle Joe stared at his niece as he slowly pulled off his red yarn mittens.

"Ain't there no invitation to you to come there New Year's Day?" said he.

"No, uncle."

"Be you sure, Ada?"

"Quite sure, uncle."

"Well, I declare," said uncle Joe, "if that ain't right up and down mean, after all they said last summer, when I treated you to that week at Saratoga Springs."

Ada said nothing.

Her deep eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered, but no word escaped her.

"Let me look," said uncle Joe persistently, as he fitted on his round-bowed silver spectacles; "there must be a postscript or something."

But there was nothing.

Uncle Joe's brawny countenance fell as he saw Ada's new disappointment.

"Then you won't have any use for that new current-colored silk gown as cost two dollars a yard," said he.

"It's almost a pity you bought it, ain't it."

"No, uncle, it isn't," said Ada, smiling bravely through her tears, as she stood on tip-toe to kiss his rugged face.

"I'll wear the dress on New Year's Day for you to see me in."

"And there won't be one of the city beaux think more of you than your old uncle does," said uncle Joe, giving her a bear-like hug.

And Ada, stooping to uncover the potatoes, which were roasting for supper in the hot ashes, tried to persuade herself that she didn't care whether Miss Alice Warren, of Maritage Square, invited her to pass New Year's Day with her or not.

But she did care.

She could not but recollect Mr. O'Connor's dark eyes, as he stooped above her in the great ballroom of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, and expressed a hope that, after their pleasant week of companionship, they should meet again.

"Of course we shall all meet again," Miss Alice had said.

"Ada is going to spend New Year's Day with me in New York."

But as time crept on, Miss Alice Warren had thought better of it.

She had met some dashing Chicago beauties, who she thought would enliven her gas-lighted drawing-room more effectually than quiet little Ada.

"Besides," said she to her mother, "Ada is so much younger than I am, and she has a complexion as perfect as a sweet-pea.

"No girl of any common sense will set up a foil in her own drawing-room. I shall not invite her."

"But you told her you would, my dear," said Mrs. Warren.

"Oh, I daresay she has forgotten all about it by this time," said Alice, with easy nonchalance.

And so Ada's innocent hopes were blighted.

The city New Year's Day, with its glittering gas-light, and hot-house flowers, and table all a-sparkle with cut-glass, silver, and decorated china, which had been her dream for so long, was no more than a dream.

The currant-colored silk dress, with the Spanish lace trimming, would not be needed now, and she probably would never see Mr. O'Connor again.

Poor Ada!

Uncle Joe could easily comprehend that it was a sore disappointment, but he never knew that Ada cried herself to sleep that night.

Miss Alice Warren and the two Chicago beauties were gorgeously gotten up that New Year's Day, as they stood smiling under the big smilax-wreathed chandelier of the drawing-room in Maritage Square.

Full-blown roses they were, all three of them; so full-blown that any connoisseur in the floral world would scarcely have cared to gather them.

But they were rich silk dresses, with gored trains that coiled after them like highly-colored snakes, and diamond necklaces.

Their hair was powdered, and so were their faces.

They wore thirty-two button kid gloves and French boots, with heels in the middle of the foot.

And there was a white-gloved colored waiter to open the door, and another in attendance on the refreshment-table in the back room; and altogether things were arranged quite regardless of expense.

But Mr. O'Connor as he entered this bower of camellias, Japonicas, diamonds, and gaslight seemed to miss something.

He looked over the heads of the Chicago beauties, and beyond Miss Warren's point-lace flounces.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but I don't see your cousin here."

"Oh—Ada?" said Alice.

"Yes, Ada didn't come to the city this year.

"My friends, the Misses Langton, promised to visit me, and I really forgot to ask Ada."

And Miss Warren smiled her sweetest smiles on Mr. O'Connor, whom, in her mind's eye, she had already promoted to the high station of prince consort to herself.

But Phil O'Connor went home and studied up the guide-books and railway maps, buttoned on a seal-skin coat, and took his way into the wilderness of Connecticut.

"I will see her," he said to himself.

All day long he rode, with folded arms, by the car-window, the glittering landscape gliding by him like a dream of frozen pearl; and when the stars began to prick their golden points through the twilight sky; he stepped off at Holmwood Station—a solitary little shed, with a forest of sighing cedars around it, and a frozen lake reflecting the orange west below, and asked the agent where one Mr. Joseph Warren lived.

"See that blue smoke twisting up over the edge of the hill?

"Well, that smoke comes from Joe Warren's chimney-stack.

"You can go round by the road, or you can save half a miles by the short cut across the meadows."

Ada was sitting all alone in the firelight.

She had put on the current-colored silk dress to please uncle Joe, and very lovely she looked in it.

But the evening had closed in, and now she was alone, and very sad.

"I must go upstairs and take it off," said Ada to herself.

"Oh, I wish I never had bought it."

And then a knock came to the door, and Ada rose, listlessly enough, to open it.

"It's old Mrs. Godwin," she said to herself, "come to borrow the weekly paper."

But it wasn't Mrs. Godwin who stood there darkly without, against the brilliant western sky, but a tall figure in a seal-skin coat.

"Miss Warren—Ada!"

"Oh, Mr. O'Connor!" she cried out.

"You know I promised I would call on you on New Year's Day," he said, taking both her hands in his, "and here I am."

"But I didn't know," gasped Ada.

"I couldn't suppose——"

"You did not know how fondly I looked forward to that pleasure," said Mr. O'Connor, "and you could not suppose that I loved you well enough to come all the way from New York to get one glance out of those sweet eyes.

"My dear Ada! my own darling!

"This New Year will not be a happy one to me unless it brings you as its first gift."

And when old uncle Joe came in Ada had to tell him that she was engaged.

Miss Alice Warren and the two over-blown Chicago roses had a tedious day of it.

Their French-heeled feet ached sadly; their tongues were almost paralyzed with saying the same thing over and over again, and when the clocks chimed midnight, and the colored servants extinguished the lights, they whispered one to another—

"What a bore it has been!"

But to Ada Warren, in the snow-bound farmhouse, a new life of love and brightness had dawned with the New Year—with the happy, happy New Year.

A Missouri book agent piled ties across the track, ran ahead and "saved" a passenger train, and took 120 orders from the passengers without blushing.

FAT MEN OF GENIUS.

FAT is by some considered an indication of laziness.

Physically, this is to a certain extent true, but not mentally.

Some of the greatest men the world ever saw were plump even to obesity.

Napoleon was decidedly embonpoint.

Some one says that men of genius had a parchment look formerly because being underpaid, they were constantly underfed.

That type is now, however, as extinct as the dodo or megatherus.

There are no literati now who, like Sandery, flavor their crust with a piece of bacon stolen from a mouse-trap.

Dr. Johnson was fleshy, even to clumsiness.

So was his biographical shadow, Boswell.

William Wirt, the great orator of the early part of the century, and attorney in the Burr trial, laced with corsets so that he was frequently carried fainting from the Court room.

Balzac, the French novelist, was so stout that it was a day's exercise to walk around him; and he was encircled with bandages, as if he were a hogshead.

Rossini, the musical composer, was a regular Jumbo, since for six years he never saw his knees.

The small boys called him a hippopotamus in pantaloons.

Jules Janin, the prince of critics, broke every sofa he sat down upon; his chin and cheeks protruded beyond his beard and whiskers.

Lablache was charged three fares when he traveled.

Dumas the elder was stout.

Sainte Beuve was cursed with the stomach of Jack Falstaff.

Eugene Sue, the author of the "Wandering Jew," as well as Lord Byron, so dreaded becoming fat that he indulged in vinegar and lemon.

It is generally considered, when speaking of people remarkable for flesh, that Daniel Lambert leads the list.

He was an Englishman by birth, born in 1770.

Up to the age of nineteen he was merely a muscular fellow, able to lift great weights and carry five hundred pounds with ease.

He succeeded his father as keeper of a prison, led an easy, sedentary life, which soon told upon his bulk.

In 1803 he walked from Woolwich to London to reduce himself.

He weighed at that time four hundred and forty-eight pounds.

He grew so fat thus he could no longer attend to the duties of his office, and the Magistrate retired him on a pension of $1000 a year.

Fat as he was he was an excellent swimmer, and opened a swimming school, where he gave lessons with great success.

So great was his bulk that he could swim with two men on his back.

Retiring, he determined to exhibit himself, and being unable to travel in an ordinary vehicle, had one made for him.

In London he was the centre of attraction from the King down.

In June, 1809, he weighed, and tipped the beam at seven hundred and thirty-seven pounds.

His measure round the waist was three yards and four inches, and he was one yard four inches round the leg.

Each suit of clothes cost him one hundred dollars, and were, of course, made to order.

Seven ordinary men could be buttoned under his coat at a time.

He died on June 20, 1808, and his coffin was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, two feet four inches deep and required one hundred and twelve superficial feet of plank to make it.

It was built on two axle-trees and four wheels.

Twenty men worked half an hour to get this monster into the grave, and at last slid the coffin down an inclined plane.

CARE OF STOCK.—Grooming and care of the animals are a most valuable means of keeping them in health as well as saving feed. The skin of an animal existing in a state of nature is washed by every shower, brushed and curded by every bush, licked by its mates, rubbed in the ground by rolling, and in various ways kept free from accumulations of its own exfoliations, from the storage of its pores by sweat, and from unown inherent dirt. A healthy skin means warmth, health, life, and vigor, other things being about right, and we can secure this only by grooming.

"Am Wonderfully Improved."

A gentleman in Coal City, Pa., who was in the first stages of consumption, having night sweats, cough and expectoration streaked with blood, with loss of flesh, ordered a Compound Oxygen Treatment in June last. In a letter dated August 22d, he makes this very favorable report: "I am wonderfully improved, and when I look back on those hours of suffering at the commencement of your treatment, I can hardly believe my eyes. I am increasing in flesh and strength, and my lungs are wonderfully developed if not quite well. * * * Last Saturday I walked up a high hill on my way home without coughing once, a thing I have not done since last March." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In The Balance.

BY O. H. R.

MISS OCTAVIA BEAUMONT clasped her diamond-ringed-hands in a little gush of ecstasy.

"Oh! Aren't they just darlings.

"Such lovely long tails and thick manes.

"Look, Mrs. Symingville!"

And so, when Clifford Long reined in his pair of prancing horses, as he dashed past Mrs. Beaumont's house, there were two pairs of flashing eyes to meet his glance and bow of greeting as he passed.

Octavia looked a little enviously after him—in her very heart of hearts she had been feeling more than a little uneasy for many a month on handsome Long's account because all her charming little efforts so far had been in vain, and Mr. Clifford Long was by all means the most desirable gentleman she had ever met—rich, popular, good-natured, handsome, marriageable.

Not that he was at all indifferent to the pretty blue eyes and the rose-pink cheeks and flashing white teeth and dimpled little figure that went to make a very pretty girl of Octavia Beaumont, but, certain it was that Mr. Long was just attentive to Mrs. Symingville, the bewitching widow who was just in lulging in azures and cardinals and delicious sparkles of diamonds.

"They're just too sweet for anything," Mrs. Symingville said enthusiastically—so ardently that another pair of eyes, not blue like Octavia's nor black like her own, but rarely, tenderly, liquidly grey, and shy and black-lashed, was half timidly, half admiringly lifted to see the handsome horses dash [illegible] window. Clara Tarleton was [illegible] retiring little woman and [illegible] the young gentlemen who visited the house, and to whom cousin Octavia magnanimously introduced her, without her face flushing like a whole basketful of wild roses.

"It's no use, not the very slightest," Mrs. Beaumount had declared, at the end of two months.

"I can't make anything out of you, Clara.

"I really meant to be generous and give you a chance, for poor sister Jeannette's sake, but the gentlemen don't take to you, and you seem as shy and scared as if you were in danger of your life.

"I give you up."

And as little grey-eyed Clara sat on the ottoman beside the end window, busy with some delicate sewing she had offered to do for Mrs. Beaumont, she had her forlorn little flow of thought about what that lady had said to her interrupted by the look she took of Mr. Long's turn out.

She had glanced out in time to see his handsome face as he smiled and bowed and raised his hat to the ladies at the front window, and then she went on with her hemstitching again, thinking how much rather she would always stay in London, amid so much elegance and luxury, than go back to the quiet little country cottage, where desserts were indulged in only on Sundays and the only form of dissipation known was the monthly meeting of the Ladies' Dorcas Society.

She certainly was disappointed in having to go home, not because she had secured no rich lover, for in her simple girlish heart she did not so much as think of that, but because she loved the luxury and elegance and ease of aunt Beaumont's mansion, that was such a rest to her little tired head and heart that all her young life had been employed for other peoples' happiness.

So there she sat, meditating to herself, and shrinking back still further in the shadow of the olive and cardinal satin draperies of the bay window, when the magnificent horses and phaeton dashed up and stopped at the door, and Mr. Long and Mr. Lambert, his friend, alighted and came into the morning-room, and although her innocent little heart fluttered a trifle when Mr. Long bowed and gave her a grave little smile, and then seemed utterly to forget there was such a person, Clara never dreamed that it was the first delicious stirring of love's young drama in her half-stooping heart.

All the same, she enjoyed listening to the lively conversation between the gay little party, which Mrs. Beaumont had joined, and it was that lady's voice that attracted Clara's attention particularly, as her pretty dusky head was bowed over her hemstitching.

"Not really going into the country, Mr. Long?"

"Really, Mrs. Beaumont."

Mrs. Symingville smiled and simpered gushingly.

"It's a delicious idea, I'm sure!

"I adore the country, winter and summer.

"And I can just imagine the sort of place you will have," said Octavia, looking up in Long's face with her pretty blue eyes.

"A charming Gothic cottage, all porches and stained glass windows and marble halls with white rugs."

Long smiled.

"Not at all, Miss Octavia," he answered gravely.

"A romantic old manor-house, then, all greystone and diamond-paned windows, haven't I guessed it, Mr. Long?"

Mrs. Beaumont made her venture triumphantly.

Fred Lambert, lazily looking over a book of autographs, glanced gravely up at the ladies.

"It's a shame for Long to conceal it from you, but didn't you know he was going to a farmhouse—for the remarkable purpose of making a living?

"It isn't generally known yet, but as it soon will be, I don't see the necessity of concealing from friends that you lost all you had in the Darleyville Bank."

If ever an embarrassed silence descended on a party it did then, and Mr. Lambert seemed quite amazed at the effect of his candid communication, while Clifford Long looked at him with meaning eyes for a second.

Then—

"Lambert is right, it is quite true.

"I have bought a farm and shall take possession next week, when I shall have an opportunity of discovering whether or not a theoretical education can be brought to bear practically."

Another pause, in which Mrs. Symingville glanced at Octavia and Mrs. Beaumont began chirping [illegible]

Then Long looked at Octavia, desperately busy with her basket of worsteds

"What do you think of my decision, in view of my loss?" he asked directly.

"Everybody should be governed by their own ideas, of course."

"I am sure Mrs. Symingville will approve," he went on gravely.

"It's terrible to meet with such an ex-per-i-e-n-c-e," she said indifferently

"I'm awfully sorry, I'm sure."

A strange little sneer came to his handsome mouth.

"I suppose then if I were to ask any of you—particularly Mrs. Beaumont—and I have always regarded you as my friends—to interest yourselves in procuring me a position nearer home——"

Mrs. Beaumont colored, and the other two ladies averted their faces and were delightfully busy selecting a shade of "[illegible] Turkey-red" from the pile of zephyrs.

"I am not at all sure I have the least influence in financial matters.

"I might speak to Mr. Beau——"

"I will tell you what we might do," Octavia interrupted eagerly.

"If you would sell your horses—at a reasonable price, I am quite sure papa would buy them for me."

"Impossible," he returned

"But I have already disposed of my horses [illegible]"

While the two gentlemen took their leave there was a general exchange of opinion

"It's too bad!

"I do wonder what he has lost!"

"To have to retire to a farm!

"Ugh!"

"I am devoutly thankful to have learned it in time—only think, Octavia, if you had been engaged to him!

"Well, there's my next choice—old Ambergris—there's no danger of his ardor taking wings."

While little Clara Tarleton, with tears in her eyes, crept away to her room—so awfully sorry for handsome Long, so indignant with his hard-hearted friends.

"I am positively ashamed of you," aunt Clementina said sternly, twenty-four hours after—"to write a note to Mr. Long

"Octavia could scarcely believe her own eyes when she saw it."

Clara colored piteously.

"I didn't mean any harm, indeed, auntie. I only wanted to tell him how truly sorry I was that he had met with such a misfortune.

"Was there any harm in just writing that

"I am sorry.

"Aren't you?"

Mrs. Beaumont looked at her closely.

"You are the strangest child.

"He will not trouble himself to answer your letter of condolence."

Clara flushed brighter than ever.

"But he did answer it directly, auntie, and he——"

"Was shocked at your want of delicacy," she supplied sternly.

"No.

"He didn't say anything like that.

"He thanked me for my words of sympathy, and said he would call to see me this evening, and express his gratitude in person."

"It's a blessing that Octavia has gone to stay all night with Lillian Symingville. Clara, you're going home soon; don't end a disastrous visit by the catastrophe of allowing your sentiment to wreck your future."

And Mrs. Beaumont sailed away impressively, to dictate a note of cordial invitation to old Jeremiah Ambergris to dine the next evening.

[illegible] Mr. Clifford Long [illegible] the drawing-room, and paused to look [illegible] her white muslin and rose, quick to [illegible] with her shy grey eyes shining and her cheeks glowing

"Several years for me," cried Cara, he said [illegible] looking at her flushed face

"Sorry enough to take pity on me, and love me, dear?

"Do you love me, Clara?

"I love you dearly, and I want you to be my little wife.

"Will you?

Well, Clara said "Yes," with his handsome [illegible] smiling and pleading in her own [illegible] took her in his arms and kissed her almost reverently.

While, in the library, Mr. Beaumont was laughing heartily at the fervently-colored recital his wife had given him of Long's terrible loss, and Octavia's narrow escape.

"It's all the merest bosh!

"I saw Lambert not an hour ago, and he says Long only lost a couple of thousand by the bank collapse—"all he had in it"—very trifle.

"My dear, Clifford is worth three times as much as I am.

"Octavia had better take care if she wants him."

"I am glad we will have to live on a farm," Clara was saying tenderly, "because I know all about it.

"And I am so glad you are poor, because, if it hadn't happened——"

Long drew her dusky head to his shoulder.

"My true-hearted little love, any man would be unspeakably rich who possessed your love and loyalty.

"I've been watching you ever since you have been here, and even if it had not happened I should have tried my chances for you.

"But, Clara, nothing very terrible has happened after all.

"I lost a trifle, but we won't go to the farm except when we please.

"I think you will prefer my town house and the Isle of Wight cottage.

"Lambert spoke in mere jest, and I permitted it to pass as real, and, in consequence I have learned of what true gold my little love is made."

While Miss Octavia Beaumont bites her lips yet, in fever of rage, whenever she sees Mrs. Clifford Long drive by, behind the stylish horses, beside her handsome, devoted husband.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—Charcoal forms an unrivalled poultice for wounds and old sores.

It is also invaluable for what is called proud flesh.

It is a great disinfectant. It sweetens the air if placed in shallow dishes around the apartment, and foul water is also purified by its use.

For bruises or sprains bathe the part in cold water until you get ready a decoction of wormwood and vinegar.

When the herb is fresh gathered, pound the leaves, wet with vinegar, and bind on and when the herb is dry put in the vinegar, and let it boil a short time; then bathe the bruise with the decoction and bind on the herb.

There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin.

Get a few cents' worth, pound it until it is quite fine, put it in a cast-off spice box with perforated top, then you can easily sift it on the cut.

Put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with water once in awhile; it will prevent inflammation and soreness.

Hoarseness and tickling in the throat are best relieved by a gargle of the white of an egg beaten to a froth in half a glass of warm sweetened water.

Hiccough can be immediately relieved by administering a lump of sugar wet with vinegar.

A simple and harmless remedy and preventive for persons suffering from car- [illegible] knows is a sheet of writing paper worn next to the person directly over the chest.

It is highly recommended and seldom fails.

Buy at any drug store one ounce of camphorated oil and five cents' worth of chlorate of potash, and whenever a soreness appears in the throat put the potash in a half tumbler of water and gargle the throat, then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a small strip of woolen flannel.

This is a cheap and sure remedy for sore throat.

If persons suffering from severe headache would tie a handkerchief tightly around the temples they would find relief by doing so in a very short time.

Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach is promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

A good remedy for warts and corns: Drop a little vinegar on the wart or corn, cover it immediately with cooking soda or saleratus, let it remain ten minutes.

Repeat several times a day for three days and the warts and corns will be gone.

BEAUTY'S FOE.—Neither rouge, artificial ringlets, nor all the resources of the toilet, can retard the relentless progress of that terrible foe to beauty—time. But everyone must have noticed how lightly his hand rests upon some, how heavily upon others. Whenever you see in an old person a smooth, unwrinkled forehead, a clear eye, and a pleasing, cheerful expression, be sure her life has been passed in that comparative tranquility of mind which depends less upon outward vicissitudes than internal peace of mind. A good conscience is the greatest preservative of beauty. Whenever you see pinched up features, full of lines, and thin, curling lips, you may judge of petty passions, envy, and [illegible], which have worn their mark. High and noble thoughts leave behind them noble and beautiful traces; meanness of thought and selfishness of feeling league with time to unite age and ugliness together. Fresh air, pure, simple food, and exercise, mental and bodily, with an elevated ambition, will confer on the greatest age a dignified beauty, in which youth is deficient. There are many men and women at sixty younger in appearance and feeling than others at forty.

THE youngest inventor on the records in Washington is Walter Novegond, a lad 15 years of age, of Bristol, who has patented important improvements in rolling mill machinery

LOST STATES OF AMERICA.

SOME of the more obscure facts of our history relating to the formation, the speedy rise and speedy fall of organizations that promised to become prosperous and permanent states, are full of interest.

They have, in general, no place in the current histories of the country.

Only the delver in original records and out-of-the-way documents is likely to find them.

A few statements concerning them have been carefully collected for this article.

The foundations laid in the Western world by various European nationalities, under the names of New France, New Spain, Nova Scotia (New Scotland), New Netherland, New Sweden, New Plymouth, and the like, are well known to readers of early American history.

New Somerset was an English grant of the seventeenth century in Maine.

Beyond the Penobscot, an effort was made during the revolution, by the Tory refugees who had fled from the revolted colonies and settled along the coast, to erect a British province under the name of New Ireland.

The project, however, failed.

New Connecticut included a number of towns on both sides of the Connecticut river, which, in June, 1979, attempted to form a separate government.

The effort was short lived.

New Albion was a grant made in 1634 by the Earl of Stafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of the present tract of New Jersey, with all the adjacent lands.

New Amstel was a grant to the city of Amsterdam, in 1656, by the Dutch West India company, of that part of the same territory between the Christianklil and the Delaware, in consideration of a large payment.

It was named from a suburb of Amsterdam.

It was successfully colonized, but so many difficulties were experienced in the administration of its affairs that after eight years the India company was asked to take it back again.

The beginnings of government in Kentucky were made by a party of nine North Carolinians.

In defiance of the ancient policy and statutes of Virginia, which ruled the land, they assumed to purchase from the Cherokees 17,000,000 acres, between the Cumberland and Kentucky rivers, upon which they tried to found "The Colony of Transylvania."

The movement was soon squelched by the Virginia Legislature, and the refusal of the Continental Congress to receive the delegates sent to that body.

THE MOUNTAIN OF FUJI.—No work of art in Japan is complete, where landscape is allowed to appear, that does not have Fuji for a background—and it is wrought in crystal and stone for the contemplation of those who worship it as a holy thing. The religious votary does Fuji as a penance or [illegible] grave sin. To [illegible] from the mountain is a means only for communion with the gods he worships. Sunshine or rain, cloudy or clear skies are of minor importance to him; fine views or extended prospects he does not make the journey to see or enjoy. As Fuji is generally enveloped in cloud, it is in nowise certain that the man who ascends to the top will be recompensed by any extended view, though, of course, there is a chance that such good fortune may favor him—but for a cloud view there is nothing wanting, and for rain, while going up, there is no lack; but when the air is clear and the clouds rolled up out of sight the view is magnificent, taking in a wide range of ocean and the towering peaks of the distant mountains encircling this king of elevations. To the ordinary traveler to have done Fuji is to have done it for all time. He is glad he has done it; he knows enough not to do it again. Though it will pay to do this thing once, there is no profit in [illegible] a second time. The [illegible] vary in the height of Fuji. As early as [illegible] was built on the summit of [illegible] to the goddess Ko-no-hana-Sakya-hime. The pilgrims who make the ascent make it a point to be on top at the hour of sunrise, that they may, if possible, view the rising sun. At all events they worship toward the east in honor of the god of day. The devotions of this people are first to ancestry, then to the gods of selection, the sun being chief with many, there being gods for all occasions. There is no excuse for one making a miss and not invoking one, and it seems very much better than depending upon one. The greater the number of chances one takes in the lottery of the gods the better off he should be. The poor devil who has to hang on to one hope only, has cause to tremble.

PARAFFINE.—A pharmacist tells us that for some years he has used, with excellent results, solid paraffine for stopping vessels containing liquids which change easily in the air. The infusion of syrup should be in bottles filled nearly to the brim, and melted paraffine being poured on will form an air-tight seal on cooling. When the contents are required for use, the paraffine can be easily broken up with the finger, and the fragments may be collected in a suitable vessel, washed, and remelted for subsequent use.

Do good and be good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, someone will love you and greet your coming.

Our Young Folks.

DOT'S DUCKLING.

BY P. C. BERRETTA.

IF ever there was an anxious mother it was Mrs. Baine's old speckled hen, on the day when the duckling she was rearing first saw the horse-pond.

That little duck had been a constant source of wonder to her from the first moment he came out of the shell.

She had made herself a nice nest under the manager of an empty stable, and every day she deposited a beautiful oval egg in it, and cackled under her breath, lest little Molly Baines should hear her.

She never boasted to the other fowl about how she was cir umventing Molly, but when she was going to lay, she would slink off towards her nest, with a sly glance from side to side: till having reached the door as if by accident, she would make a sudden dart, and be safely hidden under the manger before any of them could follow her.

She never went to the kitchen door to drink, when she came off the nest; and as for going into the house to be fed with warm porridge, she gave that up entirely.

In fact, she took every precaution that a hen could to keep the secret, and if it was at last discovered it was owing more to Molly's quickness than to any fault of her own.

When ten smooth, creamy, white eggs lay in the hollow among the hay, she began to sit.

But the very first day she came off to feed Molly heard her give a gentle "chuck," and knowing what that meant, went off at once to make a search for her nest.

When Toppy—they called her "Toppy" on account of the top-knot she wore on her head—was hurrying back to the stable, she met Molly coming out of it, with something in her apron.

"It is well she left me such a fine egg; it is sure to have a fine chick," said Toppy to herself.

But the big egg was not hers at all; it was one that Molly had taken from under a duck, whose brood was supposed to have perished one wet night that she had strayed off her nest to gobble up snails in the grass.

Some days, when Toppy had been sitting about a week, she heard a sound of pecking inside the shell.

"How quickly the time has passed," Toppy chuckled to herself.

"Three weeks never seemed so short before," and then she began tapping the shell gently with her bill.

Between Toppy pecking at the outside, and the bird at the inside, a little chip was soon made in the hell, and then Toppy heard a low "wheet! wheet!"

"Why, none of the others ever said that; it was always 'cheep! cheep!'" mused the astonished hen.

But greater surprises still were in store for her.

When the shell at last fell in two, and the bird came out, she found that its feet were webbed, and its bill broad and flat.

It was twice the size of an ordinary chicken too, and had none of the elegant shape for which Toppy's children were so justly celebrated.

Still she never suspected any deception.

That evening Molly came to the stable with her little sister Dot, and saw the empty shell lying on the ground.

She put her head under the old hen, and feeling one soft something there, exclaimed, "Oh, Dot! Toppy has hatched the duckling."

"Oh, Molly, show it me!" cried Dot, and then Molly took it in her hand, where it squatted quite contentedly.

Dot put her face against it, and stroked it with her cheek, while the duckling worked its head on one side, looked at her out of its funny black eyes.

After a little, Molly put it back into the nest and told Dot to wait for her, ran in to the house and soon returned with a plate of dough, and some porridge and bowl of milk on a tray.

She put the plate down beside the nest, and Toppy immediately began picking up little crumbs, and then calling to the duckling to come and share them.

But the little duck flounced right on the top of the bread, and began nibbling at nothing, as if he would bore a hole in the bottom of the plate.

It was clear that he had not the smallest idea of proper gentlefeed, and as Toppy had quite forgotten what he ought to be fed, he thought he grew them all supper if Molly had not come to his need, and administered porridge and milk to him from a spoon.

The feeding of the duckling became one of the chief pleasures of the children after that.

Three or four times every day you might have seen Molly seated with him on her lap, his long spoon to his bill with an air of extreme solicitude, while Dot, leaning against her, held the basin of food in both hands, and watched him with delight.

But although "Ducky," as they called him, had been a little delicate at first, he soon out-grew it under the united care of Molly, Dot, and the speckled hen, and became as strong and hearty and greedy as it is in the nature of young ducks to be—which is saying a good deal.

Before long the spoon was dispensed with as unnecessary, and his food was put in a soup plate on the floor.

And while Toppy, who still persisted in supposing him to have a delicate appetite, would be trying to coax him to eat dainty morsels picked from her own dinner, he would be gobbling up porridge and swallowing milk, in such a hurry that you would have thought he was afraid of her stealing it from him.

As the weather was rather cold, Molly, who was a capital little hen-wife, would not allow Ducky to go out for nearly a fortnight after his birth.

So long as they remained in the stable he was tolerably obedient to his foster-mother, and she was happy with him, although his peculiar ways—so different from those of the chickens she had reared—did sometimes try her a good deal.

But one sunny day Molly threw the stable door open, and told her she might take her charge out for a little walk.

Toppy did not need to be told a second time, but strolled quietly out of doors, clucking for Ducky to follow her.

Molly and Dot stood watching them.

Toppy commenced to scrape, and having found a worm called lustily to Ducky to come and eat it; but just then Ducky spied the horse-pond at the foot of the yard and with a loud "wheet! wheet!" of delight he waggled off towards it, as fast as his short legs would carry him.

Toppy did not see what he was about till he was half-way to the water.

When she did, she gave a shrill scream, and hurried after with outspread wings to bring him back.

Dot, who did not understand the nature of ducklings much better than Toppy did, ran also, afraid he would be drowned; and Molly, as anxious about Dot as Dot and the old hen were about Ducky, ran after her, lest she should fall into the horse-pond.

So there they were all running, but Ducky was first, and when the others came up, he was sailing round the pond, as much at his ease as if he were on the floor of the stable.

From that day Toppy's life was one perpetual worry.

When Ducky was not swimming in the horse-pond he was running through the wet grass in the paddock—the wetter it was the better he liked it—and she only got her feathers draggled to no purpose, when she followed to try and bring him back.

Then the other hens sometimes mistook him for a rat, and pecked at him; and as he would not stay away from them when they were feeding, Toppy, who was naturally the most peaceable of birds, was always being dragged into quarrels in his defence.

Altogether poor Toppy had a hard time of it, and if the two little girls had not helped her to look after him, she would have given up the charge of her nursling in despair.

It was only according to nature, you see, that his ways should be different from Toppy's, but she did not understand that, and thought he did outlandish things on purpose to vex and frighten her.

Of course if he had been a boy or girl it would have been his duty to curb his own inclinations for her pleasure; but being only a young duck he had nothing to do but follow his natural instincts.

And he did.

Toppy put up with it for a long time—till Ducky was able to hold his own among the others, and cry "quack! quack!" in quite a self-assertive manner.

And then one day she left him.

Dot found Ducky sitting disconsolate in the stable, afraid to go into the yard when Toppy was not there to protect him.

He was very glad to see Dot, and Dot was very glad to see him, for she was lonely too, that day, because her mother was away, and Molly was too busy to play with her.

So they went off together to the paddock, where they spent some time very pleasantly—Dot knitting, and Ducky looking for slugs and anything else good to eat, and congratulating himself that Toppy was not there to cluck at him.

By-and-by Dot's needles stuck so tightly in her knitting that she could not get them to move without Molly's assistance.

So she thought she would leave it, and go and gather blackberries in the field at the end of the lane.

She had never gone so far alone before, but she was a fearless little thing, and indeed, as there were no horses nor cattle near that part of the farm, there was really nothing to be afraid of.

Nobody saw her as she trotted along the long lane, with Ducky waddling close behind.

They soon reached the field, and Ducky, rather tired after the walk, squatted down on the grass, with one yellow foot stretched out, for coolness, and watched Dot as she moved from bush to bush, picking the ripe blackberries.

Dot picked and picked, till her cheeks, and her lips and finger-tips, were all dyed purple; and still, as she was going to stop, she would see another like cluster that she thought she must have.

The berries were particularly large in the part of the field where she was; but Molly had warned her not to try to gather them because they grew round the mouth of an old gravel pit, into which she might have fell.

Dot had forgotten this at first, and when she did remember, the fruit was so tempting that she did not want to leave it.

"I will be very careful," she said to herself, "and then Molly won't mind."

But she soon forgot to be careful, till, when eagerly reaching for a large berry, her foot suddenly slipped, and she went sliding away down a steep decline.

It seemed a long time before she reached the bottom.

"I thinks I must have falled for nearly a week," she told her mother afterwards.

She had not really fallen more than a few yards, however, and though a little shaken and a good deal frightened, and was hurt.

She picked herself up after a bit, and began calling for Molly to help her out.

Molly, of course could not hear her; but Ducky did, and came, waddling, to see what was the matter.

"Oh, Ducky, come and keep me company, for I can't get up out of this dreadful dark place!" cried Dot, when she looked up and saw him nodding his head at her.

And just as if he knew what she was saying, Ducky gave himself a little jerk and came scrambling down through the briars.

The next minute he was happily swimming in a little pool of water that he had caught sight of lying among the rocks.

Dot was very glad to have him for company, even though he was too much engrossed in his own enjoyment to take any notice of her just then.

Ducky had come down without troubling his head to think how he was to get up again; but Dot knew that whatever he might do, she could not get out of the pit without help, and nobody would think to look for her there.

She did not know what to do, and she thought and thought, but she only got tired out; until at last she curled herself up and fell fast asleep.

You may guess the state Molly was in when, having got tea ready, she went out to the paddock to look for Dot, and found only her knitting.

She ran to the field, where the men were working, thinking she might have followed some of them; but no one knew anything about her.

The whole farm was soon in commotion, some of the laborers running to one place and some another; but the evening darkened down, and Dot was not found.

At last Molly thought of the gravel-pit, and rushed to the field calling "Dot! Dot!" at the top of her voice.

Dot was still asleep, and did not hear her; but Ducky did, and thinking Molly was calling to his supper he answered, with a loud "quack! quack!" that wakened Dot.

How Molly's heart leaped for joy when she heard him, for she knew that Dot could not be far off.

Guided by the sound, she ran along the edge of the gravel-pit, till she came above the spot where Dot sat rubbing her eyes, and wondering where she was.

"Dot, Dot, are you there?" Molly called once more.

And this time Dot's voice answered her, "Me and Ducky's both here, Molly; make haste, and take us out, for we's so hungry."

Molly scrambled down the rocks in an instant, and gave Dot a great kiss, when she found her at the bottom.

Being so much older and stronger than Dot, she was soon able to help her to the top, with Ducky, dripping wet, struggling in her arms.

Dot was not sorry to be above ground again.

"I'll mind what you say to me another time," she told Molly; "I expect if you hadn't come to look for me and Ducky, we might have stayed in a hole till to-morrow."

Ducky waggled home behind them, and as his foster-mother had long since gone to roost, he was put to sleep in a cupboard in the kitchen, after a hearty supper.

Toppy took any notice of her adopted child, and even as she became absorbed in the cares of a family of chickens, she forgot all about him.

But he and Dot always remained fast friends.

[illegible]

☞ In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given for 10 cts. than in any 15 or 25-cent dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors.

ANIMAL SUICIDES.

A STORY recently went the rounds o the press, and such stories are continually going round, relating the affecting circumstances that surrounded the death of a mongrel half starved cur that for many years had been the friend and companion of an old crossing-sweeper.

The latter, not appearing for several weeks, was hunted up by some of his cronies "on change," and found dead, and beside him the dog nearly starved to death, though there was food enough in various forms about to have lasted some time.

The faithful creature refused to leave the body, and when it was carried away, leaped upon the window-sill, and as the humble cortege filed out the door, threw himself from the window and was dashed to pieces by the side of the rude coffin.

This may have been accidental, but if looked into it will be found that grief affects certain animals more or less in a similar way as in human species.

In all forms of animals we may find the suicide, the lunatic, as well as the victim of hypnotism; in fact, animals, the lower ones as they are termed, seem affected by the realities of life very much as are their intelligent superiors.

Suicide among animals is quite common, and the story of the old crossing sweeper is by no means an isolated case.

Dogs have been seen to deliberately drown themselves, and the same has been cited among other animals.

Scorpions are extremely prone to suicide when subjected to great physical pain.

Place one within a circle of fire, and it will invariably throw forward its tail and wound itself fatally, seemingly preferring to die in this way than to endure the torture of fire.

Spiders and ants attempt the same, tearing off their legs and stinging their bodies.

Crabs and lobsters often throw off their claws and legs, and so escape, while some of the starfishes, when lifted from their homes, fairly drop in pieces.

Such an occurrence is described by Professor Forbes, of London, and it has probably been the experience of every collecting naturalist.

He says:—

"The first time I took one of these creatures I succeeded in placing it entire in my boat.

"Not having seen one before, and being ignorant of its suicidal powers, I spread it out on a rowing-bench the better to admire its form and colors.

"On attempting to remove it for preservation, to my horror and disappointment I found only an assemblage of detached members.

"The next time I went to the same spot to dredge I determined not to be cheated out of my specimen a second time.

"I carried with me a bucket of water, for which the starfish evinces a great antipathy.

"As I hoped, a Luidia soon came up in the dredge—a most gorgeous specimen.

"As the animal does not generally break up until it is raised to the surface of the sea, I carefully and anxiously plunged my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and softly introduced the Luidia into the water.

"Whether the water was too cold for it, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I do not know, but in a moment it began to dissolve its operation, and I saw the limbs slip through every mesh in the net.

"In my despair I seized the largest piece and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminal eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision."

In the island of Luzon, Semper found a snail that, did he attempt to take it by the tail, would throw off the useful member and elude his grasp.

The same is true of the so-called glass snake, which often breaks into several sections when alarmed.

Insane horses are of common occurrence. One of the most peculiar phases of these mind affections is hypnotism, that in man or beast has within the present year attracted so much attention.

The term, perhaps, originated with Dr. Braid, who in 1841 revived the excitement aroused by Mesmer in 1778, referring the phenomena of animal magnetism to certain psychological and physiological influences in the subject.

He applied it to his patients, and succeeded in performing many painless operations that have been repeated in the curious experiments of Dr. Hammond.

[illegible] are subject to similar influences, [illegible] known.

[illegible] the power of the snake-charmer, and the charm of the snake itself over its [illegible].

[illegible] snakes have been drawn from their holes by the actions of these mediums, and handled by them with perfect safety.

A word that has been said may be unsaid: it is but air. But when a deed is done, it cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts reach out to all the mischiefs that may follow.

☞ "Facts speak plainer than words." Proof:—"The Doctor told me to take a blue pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned inside by mercury. The druggist told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am as well as ever."—A. P. Sandford. Sold in both dry and liquid form.

AT THE END.

BY I. D. K.

We're 'most to the end of our journey,
My darling, and isn't it true
That 'mid all our losses and crosses
There's always been plenty for two?
And though of the dower of fortune
We've had but a niggardly share,
Our cupboard was never so empty
We hadn't a loaf we could spare.

It seems like a dream that I ever
Had courage to seek and to woo
For my wife such a beautiful blossom
So fair an exotic as you.
'Twas part of the dream that you chose me
From others—you bade them depart—
Preferring to riches and station
The wealth of a true loving heart.

But we have been true to each other,
My darling, and never a word
That might sever the bond of affection
From your lips or mine has been heard.
The love that we've cherished so fondly
Has kept our hearts faithful and warm;
Has strengthened, sustained, and encouraged,
And sheltered from many a storm.

And now that our journey's 'most over,
We've nothing to mourn or regret,
For Love—our dear constant companion—
My darling, abides with us yet.
E'en death has no power to part us,
So long as our friendship en lures;
Your heart would be seeking for mine, love,
And mine enters heaven with yours.

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

WHEN an esquimaux youth has killed a polar-bear unaided, and so proved himself capable of providing for the wants of a family, he is sent forth at night to obtain a wife, by seizing the girl he can surprise unaware.

She screams, of course, bringing out the whole village population, and, an appreciative audience secured, sets upon her captor with tooth and nail, releases herself from his clutches, and darts among the crowd.

He follows, pushing aside the old women who attempt to bar his progress, heedless of the seal-skin scourges they lay about his shoulders. Should he catch the flying lass, more scratching and biting ensues, and, perchance, a second escape. The chase is then renewed as before, only the wife-hunter is inspirited by knowing that, a third capture effected there will be no more maidenly struggles; the girl accepting her fate, and allowing him to lead her away amid the applauding shouts of the excited spectators.

The aboriginal Australian adopts a more summary process when tired of single blessedness. He looks about for a likely help-mate, and finding one, waits his opportunity, knocks her down and carries her home.

Marriage by capture, in this simple form, is now unknown out of Savagedom, having elsewhere resolved itself into bride-chases and sham bridal-battles; mere mockeries or mimicries of the grim realities of those ancient days, when men literally took wives unto themselves, in practical assertion that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

Bride-chasing is generally a trial of horsemanship. In this shape it is practiced by most of the nomadic tribes of Central Asia. Captain Burnaby tells us that when it has to be decided how a Turcoman belle is to be settled in life, "The whole tribe turns out, and the young lady, being allowed the choice of horses, gallops away from her suitors. They follow her. She avoids those she dislikes, and seeks to throw herself in the way of the object of her affections. The moment she is caught she becomes the wife of her captor. Further ceremonies are dispensed with, and he takes her to his tent." In some tribes the girl is burdened with the carcass of a goat or lamb, which must be snatched from her lap. The Hazarehs mark out a course some twelve miles long and three wide. As soon as the maiden has got far enough from the crowd to be able to guide her steed with perfect freedom, she turns round, stretches out her hands to the waiting horsemen, and her father gives the signal to go in pursuit. The chase is sometimes a long-lasting one. A traveler records one, in which, after two hours' galloping, the field of nine had dwindled to four. Racing neck and neck together the riders gradually gained on the quarry, each shouting in turn, "I come, my Peri! I am your lover!" One of the horses suddenly faltered in his stride, and the dismayed girl saw that the man of her heart was out of the hunt. Making a quick turn she darted right across the path of the exultant three, and made at full speed for her lover. The baffled suitors checked their headlong career with one accord, but coming into collision, two of them rolled over on the plain; and, eluding the remaining detrimental's grasp with a triumphant laugh she reached her lover's side. In a moment his arm was round her waist, and she was his own.

The mock-battle forms part of the marriage ceremonials of the Kookies dwelling on the north-east frontiers of India; but with them the bride's party has the best of the bout. After the purchase-money agreed upon has been paid down, the friends of the bride-buyer essay to fetch his bargain, and get well thrashed for their pains; but the hurly-burly over the woman is brought out, conducted to the cottage-gate, and then given up without any more ado.

Among the Garrows of Bengal, the respective positions of the parties to the marriage are reversed. It is the gentleman's part to affect unwillingness to enter the bonds of matrimony; it is for the lady to do the courting. When she has brought her wooing to its hoped-for end, she fixes the day, and bids her friends come and make merry with her. The feast finished, the guests bear the hostess to the river and give her a bath. Seeing the advancing procession, he pretends to hide, but soon suffers himself to be caught, carried to the water, and well dipped therein. The parents, setting up a dismal bawling, rescue him from his captors, and loudly declare they will not part with their beloved son. There is a scramble, and they are overcome; a cock and hen are sacrificed, and the pair are man and wife.

Grains of Gold.

Friendship is the bud of the flower of love.

Strive for the best, and provide against the worst.

Don't try to get along with less than six hours' sleep.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

The greatest tempest of demoralization is the respect paid to wealth.

Learn how to help yourself, and take care of yourself as much as possible.

In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend. Be discreet.

Don't eat snow to quench the thirst; it brings on inflammation of the throat.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed. Nature never pretends.

Pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—and not to hurt others.

There is no disposition more agreeable to the person himself, or agreeable to others, than good humor.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheeks.

The man who steps out of his way to injure another, deserves, and will surely meet, with reprisal.

There is nothing in the wide world that ensures success so completely as does perfect independence.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.

Let no calumny or invective excite in you a spirit of resentment, or force from your lips a harsh expression.

We all feel able to accustom ourselves to the possession of wealth, but to get used to poverty we have never learned.

The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure one road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

You traverse the world in search of happiness, which is within the reach of every man; a contented mind confers it on all.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority, nor repeat what may in any way hurt another, unless it be greater hurt to another to conceal it.

He who prays as he ought, will endeavor to live as he prays. He that can live in sin and abide in the ordinary duties of prayer, never prays as he ought.

Never yet were the feelings and instincts of our nature violated with impunity; never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution.

Be determined, if possible, never to injure the feelings or tastes of any one, and cultivate earnestly the most graceful way of expressing kind actions.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

Cloud and rainbow appear together. There is wisdom in the saying that the whole creation is kept in order by discord, and that vicissitude maintains the world.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

Femininities.

Woman is an idol that man worships until he throws it down.

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

An English physician says that a woman who has a great secret can be made really ill by keeping it.

Standing military linen collars, fastened with a gold or jeweled button, are first favorites in plain neck lingerie.

A new game has come into use in Iowa City. It is called "house foot-ball," and is played exclusively by the girls.

Large emeralds and pale yellow topazes, separated by diamonds, are frequently mounted together in a lace pin.

There has been an immense demand for fine fancy metal candlesticks and fine porcelain and metal oil lamps this season.

The man whose hair turned white in a single night, is surpassed by the girl who lost her's completely off in a single dance.

"Ah!" yawned a bachelor, "this world is but a gloomy prison." "To those in solitary confinement," added a witty young lady.

When a woman wants to get rid of her husband for an hour, she sends him upstairs to get something from the pocket of one of her dresses.

A Terre Haute young man cuts, fits and makes all the dresses worn by his mother and four sisters. They flaute to think a great deal of him.

Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage as soon as they can talk. They differ from the American girls in that the latter don't require to be taught.

Each leading dressmaker of Paris makes dresses according to his or her own fancy, and, if possible, different from all others—hence the variety in styles.

A school-girl in New Haven, Conn., fearing she would be late, ran so fast to school that she fell in a faint at the door, and remained unconscious for half an hour.

The worst thing about kissing a Pittsburg girl is that you can carry the marks of coal-dust about your nose and other features until you reach the nearest pump.

"Yes," acknowledged a young man, "he says I have the dumps,—well, I do, and then my mother-in-law has to take it." This is reversing the usual order of things.

"In choosing a wife," says an exchange, "be governed by her chin." The worst of it is that after choosing a wife, one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

Queen Natalie, of Servia, maintains an extensive correspondence, and is extremely fond of writing. She does not paint nor play any musical instrument, but she is very fond of reading.

No woman ever loved to the extent of the passion who did not feel humbled, pleased in that humility, by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship.

The wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington is a convert to American customs, and will adopt, during the coming season, the dress used among fashionable American women; and it is said to become her.

It is said that one of the leading dressmakers in Boston sends to Paris the new ideas in the make-up of dresses which are born in the brains of the ladies of Boston, who give the hints which enable them to become the best dressed women in the world.

"If you would be truly happy, my dear," said one lady to another, "you will have neither eyes nor ears when your husband comes home late from the club." "Yes, I know," answered the other, wearily, "but what on earth am I to do with my nose?"

Des Moines, Iowa, has a pretty milliner, who has been the cause of four divorces. If she had any heart at all, she would not ruthlessly have broken off the tender relations of husband and wife by her exorbitant charges for bonnets. Fashion is at times a fiend.

A reporter interviewed a prize fat woman, whose weight is 720 pounds. When asked, "Do you still claim to be the largest fat woman in the world?" she frigidly replied: "Excuse me, sir, but I do not recognize the title. I am said to be the largest lady on exhibition."

At a recent divorce trial the wife was asked a question, to which she made the following reply: "When I was first married I was so jealous of my husband that I actually thought every woman I saw wanted him, and now I wonder how I ever could have been such a fool as to have wanted him myself."

A young widow to the marble-cutter: "Tell me, must I put on the tomb of my husband the words, 'Eternal regrets,' or simply 'regrets?'" "Ah, madame," replied the marble-worker, with his most charming smile, "that is for you to decide. Does madame think of getting married again soon?"

Lots of young ladies would prefer, instead of lifeless paintings, to have the parlor-walls hung all around with finely-framed mirrors. They could then stand and admire the beautiful pictures from life in them with the true spirit of artists, and go to the next one with satisfaction. Such on the walls would draw interested admirers.

He stood on the postoffice step, and everybody knew him as a newly-married man. He had a far-away look in his eyes, and a bit of yarn on each of the last two fingers of his hand, and kept muttering to himself, "Chopping-bowl, eggs, clothes-line, that's the thumb and first two fingers. Now, what did she want on the other two fingers?"

"Is a man or woman justified at any time in telling a lie?" was the problem for solution at the Literary Association last week. He is when his girl hints at a champagne supper while there are but fifty cents and a lead nickel in his trowsers pockets. A woman is justified when a squint-eyed old bachelor of sixty, with $25,000 a year asks her if she loves him.

News Notes.

Texas claims to have a goose 65 years old.

Cincinnati ladies have a rage for red gloves.

France is trying to obtain a new bankrupt act.

The colored Baptists have 25 churches in New Orleans.

Ripe strawberries were picked in York county the other day.

A French dance-house has been turned into a Methodist chapel.

A man killed a doe with a club, on the Juniata river, recently.

The favorite set of fur consists of a small muff and a shoulder-cape.

The men of Paris, of all ages and conditions, are wild over boxing.

Georgia negroes are keeping up with the times, by forming labor unions.

Our navy is a little top-heavy, having 1,837 officers to 31 vessels in commission.

There are 4,008,900 farms in the United States. Illinois has more than any other State—225,741.

A building now going up in Winnipeg is built of ten-cent pieces—every brick in it costing that sum.

Chicago has at least 100 female doctors duly authorized to practice by the State Board of Health.

A Johnstown tramp made affidavit a few days ago that he had eaten nothing for over four months.

In Texas seven hundred miles of railroad track are reported to have been laid during the last six months.

A Baptist missionary at the Tennessee State Convention reported three churches that paid their pastors $5 a year.

A picture by Meissonier, measuring only six by four inches, was lately bought by a Parisian amateur for $8,000.

Queen Victoria's favorite meat is roast mutton; and Bret Harte has the same particular vanity, fortified by turnips.

There are some peculiarities about the telephone service. It is said that the letter S when sent over the wires sounds like F.

A silk kerchief close around the throat, inside the wrap, is the proper neckwear with a seal-skin jacket, or fur-lined garment.

In Italy, years ago, men who failed to pay their debts were placed on a bench in the Exchange—known as banco rotto—hence the word bankrupt.

A woman near Zanesville, Ohio, got all ready to celebrate her 50th birthday, recently, when a search of the county records proved she was only 37.

David Littlefield, of Kennebunk, Mass., over seventy years old, took his first ride in the cars three weeks ago, when he went to Boston to visit his son.

In Yorkshire, recently, a pauper declined the regulation bath on admission. The reason became apparent when his belt was found to contain $710.

Under the new code, a person in New York State who attempts to commit suicide is liable to two years' imprisonment, or a fine of $1000, or both.

A short winter is predicted by Montana hunters and trappers, who base their predictions on the fact that the hair on the buffalo is rather short this year.

There are telephonic systems in eighty-nine cities in the United States, while in Germany only ten cities use the telephone, and in Austria but three.

In the most trustworthy quarters the crops of Texas for the past season are estimated at something over 1,400,000 bales of cotton, and 155,000,000 bushels of corn.

Fred. Grubb, of Erie, this State, shot and killed himself during the honeymoon, because his bride's first husband, supposed to be dead, suddenly appeared in flesh.

Black is the fashionable color for stockings, both for ladies and children, and black shoes and black stockings are worn for full dress, whatever the color of the toilet.

A sneak-thief lived six months in Chicago at the cost to the Public Library of thousands of dollars. He stole rare books, and sold them for a fraction of their worth.

Secretary Teller proposes to discourage plural marriages among the Indians, and also to discountenance scalp, war and sun dances, inasmuch as they tend to delay the much-to-be desired day of civilization.

A cow belonging to James Gradwell, of Valley Forge, fell down a well forty-seven feet deep the other day. After spending about eight hours at the bottom, the animal was secured, none the worse for her fall.

A Troy pastor has sensibly advised the ladies in his congregation to wear to church such wraps as might be easily removed. He prefers to see a lady get up and take off a sacque rather than to run the risk of taking cold by wearing it in a warm church.

WHY RUN ANY RISK WITH YOUR COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, or indeed any Pulmonary or Bronchial Complaint, when a remedy safe, thorough, and so easily obtained as Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant can be had? If you have contracted a severe Cold, save your Lungs from the dangerous irritation and inflammation, which frequently brings about Consumption, by properly resorting to the Expectorant; and if troubled with any affection of the Throat, you will find this remedy equally effectual in affording relief from obstructing phlegm, and in healing the inflamed parts.

New Publications.

The recent death of the famous artist, Henry L. Stephens, will draw attention to his illustrated "Little Billy Vidkins," published by Peterson & Bros., this city. Price, 25 cents.

"In the Whirlpool," by Emile Zola, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is one of the most striking of all Emile Zola's great naturalistic romances, and is the one from which Zola's new play of "Renee," has been dramatized by him. It is a study of the life led by a certain class of speculators and pleasure-seekers, who made the gay capital of France their home and field of operations during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon the Third. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

One of the most beautiful of the many beautiful holiday books, is the illustrated poem, "The True Church," by Theodore Tilton. The pictures, which are full-page, are from designs by Granville Perkins, and in colors. We have not seen in any book this season finer works of art than these grand and artistically colored illustrations. The poem in itself is good, but the chief value of the book is in its unsurpassable art features. Beautifully bound in gilt ornamental boards. Published and for sale by Claxton & Co.

MAGAZINES.

That old favorite, *Arthur's Home Magazine* begins the new year with its old attractions increased besides many new ones. Always good, it is now better than ever, and the household to which it is a monthly visitor cannot but derive much that is beneficial from its pages. We advise those of our readers who have not yet subscribed for a magazine and intend doing so to give due consideration to Arthur's. Arthur & Son, Publishers, Philadelphia.

The *Magazine of Art*, for January, starts the new year with the evident intention of keeping up with, if not surpassing its former excellences. The leading articles in the number, all of which are grandly illustrated, are as follows: The Cruise of the Rover, Art on Wheels, Greek Myths in Greek Art, A Pre-Raphaelite Collection, Hogarth's House and Tomb, The Nativity in Art, Velasquez, the Lille Bust, etc., etc. Cassell, Potter & Galpin, Publishers, New York. Subscription, $3.50. Single numbers, 35 cents.

"A Look into Hawthorne's Workshop" is a remarkable feature of the January *Century*, consisting as it does of the most interesting portions of Nathaniel Hawthorne's own posthumous notes for a romance, published from the original notes. Prof. Wallace, the noted English scientist, contributes an important estimate of The Debt of Science to Darwin, and a portrait of Darwin is given as a frontispiece. Another Englishman, Frederick W. Myers, writes briefly upon the personal and literary influence of the late Dean Stanley. George W. Cable begins his illustrated historical studies of Old New Orleans, by answering the much-asked question, Who are the Creoles? Dr. Eggleston's second paper on Colonial history, entitled, the Planting of New England, is well illustrated. Two practical subjects, effectively treated and profusely illustrated, are Hydraulic Mining in California, and Farming for Feathers, the latter by E. B. Biggar, who has studied ostrich farming in the Cape Colony. Frank R. Stockton, who is now traveling in Europe, describes the amusing experiences of The Rudder Grangers in England, and there is a slightly humorous sketch on Mississippi river travel, entitled The Trip of the Mark Twain. Other articles are, A Mole, a Lamprey, and a Fairy, by John Burroughs; instalments of the serials by Mary Hallock Foote, Dr. Gladden, and Mrs. Burnett, and some half dozen poems. "Topics of the Times" discuss several fresh subjects, and the other editorial departments are unusually full and interesting. The Century Co., New York, Publishers.

The *Popular Science Monthly* contains the following highly interesting articles: The Great Comet of 1882, by Professor C. A. Young, illustrated; Scientific Philosophy, by Alfred Fouillee; Traces of a Pre-Indian People, by Charles C. Abbott, M.D.; Bodily Deformities in Girlhood, by Charles Roberts, F.R.C.S.; Time-keeping in London, II, by E. A. Engler, illustrated; A Mastodon in an old Beaver Meadow, by S. Lockwood, Ph. D.; Curiosities of Superstition, by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; The Gospel of Recreation, by Herbert Spencer; The Influence of Education on Observation, Speculative Zoology, II, by Professor W. K. Brooks, Illustrated; Playas and Playa-Lakes, by Israel C. Russell; Scientific Farming at Rothamsted, II, by Manly Miles, M. D.; Recent Advances in Photography, by Captain Abney, R. E., F.R. S.; Sketch of Professor Henry Draper, with portrait; Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, and Notes. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York. Subscription price, $5.00 per year.

A POPLAR DYE.—The young growth of the poplar tree, says a German technical paper, yields a dye which may be extracted as follows: The young twigs and branches are bruised and boiled for twenty minutes with a solution of alum, ten pounds of wood requiring one pound of alum, in three gallons of water. The solution is filtered out and allowed to cool, and, after standing some time, is again filtered from a resinous deposit. On exposure to air and light it develops a rich gold color, and may be used directly for dyeing orange and yellow shades upon all classes of goods.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Sardis, O., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

S. A. H.

Richland, Mo., Dec. 2, 82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. G. R.

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. J. H. L.

Abbeville, S. C., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. W. C.

Youngstown, N. Y., Dec. 4, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

E. D. B.

Stonewall, I. T., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. F. C.

Ellisville, Ill., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

E. D.

Lambertville, N. J., Dec. 3, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

L. N. L.

Kill Creek, Kan., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. W. W.

Evanston, Wyoming, Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. McC.

Iroquette, British Col., Nov. 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

I. B.

Colegrove, Pa., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

N. G. M.

Nevada, Ill., Dec. 6, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

M. J. F.

Hamilton, Ill., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. D.

Conneaut, Pa., Dec. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

D. E.

Madison, Ala., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

A. H. L.

Jackson, Mich., Dec. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

H. H.

McFall, Mo., Dec. 5, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. B. E. L.

YOU KNOW YOU DO.

When someone's step comes up the walk,
Your cheeks take on a rosier hue;
And though no other hears his knock,
You hear it well—you know you do!

And when his arm steals round your chair,
You give a smothered scream or two,
As if you didn't want it there;
But, oh, you do—you know you do!

You let him kiss your blushing cheek;
Somehow your lips meet his lips, too;
You tempt him, pretty thing, to speak,
You wicked flirt, you know you do!

And when he timidly doth press
His wish to make a wife of you,
With happy heart you answer yes,
You darling girl—you know you do!

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

Persons of high position—Balloonists.

The Board of Trade—A shopkeeper's sign.

Low funds are effectual barriers to high spirits.

A kind of tea never used by gossips—Charity.

Literature for war times—Reviews and magazines.

Rued remarks—Remarks that get you into trouble.

On the artless heart the flirt practises her heartless art.

You need write but a single letter to make Mary marry.

Latest fact—The child who cried for an hour did not get it.

The most æsthetic thing known is a cigar stump. It is all but.

"A new way to pay old debts" is to take the cash and pay them.

Mince-pie season is here, and those who can afford it will now dream of elephants with four trunks and mules with illuminated heads.

The latest boarding-house sport is called "Hunting the Clam." About fifty critters are placed on the floor, and the boarders proceed to tread for the clam. The first person to discover it receives the chromo.

"I never thought but once," said old Deacon Webbing. "That it was a sin to steal an umbrella." "And when was that?" asked a friend. "It was when some peaky thief stole my silk one," answered the deacon.

Some men are inconsistent creatures. They will get up in the middle of the night and throw their boots at a dog because he is howling at the moon, and the next night pay five dollars for a seat to hear Italian opera.

A small boy of four summers was riding on a hobby-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause, he said: "I think if one of us gets off I could ride better."

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on

THE GREAT CURE FOR

—R-H-E-U-M-A-T-I-S-M—

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

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Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

LODER'S DIGESTIVE POWDER

Sure Cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent Belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The action of these Powders is directly upon the food during the process of digestion, absorbing gases, neutralizing acid, and correcting acid secretions, promoting digestion, improving the appetite, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

PRICE, 50 CENTS AND $1.

By sending the amount in stamps, will be mailed to any part of the city or country. Sole depot—

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Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

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CARDS Send two 3c. stamps for beautiful new set of Chromo Cards and price list. All the latest designs, imported and domestic.

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R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them. As there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock. All bought for cash, and sold at low retail prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.

☞ Please say where you saw this advertisement.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

BIRTH AND DEATH OF WORLDS.

IT has been said that, had past geological changes in the earth taken place at the same rate as those which are now in progress, 100,000,000 of years at the very least would have been required to produce those effects which have actually been produced, we find, since the earth's surface was fit to be the abode of life.

But recently, it has been pointed out, correctly in all probability, that under the greater tide-raising power of the moon in past ages, these changes would have taken place more rapidly.

As, however, 10,000,000 of years, and probably a much longer time, must have elapsed since the moon was at that favorable distance for raising tides, we are by no means enabled, as some well-meaning but mistaken persons have imagined, to reduce the life-bearing stage of the earth from a 100,000,000 of years to a minute fraction of such a period.

The short life, but exceedingly lively one, which they desire to see established by geological or astronomical reasoning, never can be demonstrated.

At the very least, we must assign 10,000,000 years to the life-bearing stage of the earth's existence.

If we now multiply this period by seven for Jupiter we get a period of 60,000,000 years longer.

But take the stage proceeding that of life on the earth.

From researches into the cooling of masses of heated rock, it seems to follow that a period of more than 300,000,000 years must have been required for the cooling of the earth from a temperature of 2,000° to 200°, a cooling which has certainly taken place.

Suppose, however, that these experiments, or the calculations based on them, were vitiated by some error so considerable as to increase the real duration of the fiery stage of our earth's history more than tenfold, the real duration of that period being only 30,000,000 years.

Multiply this in turn by 7, and we get a period of 210,000,000 years, or 180,000 years longer.

We ought next to consider the vaporous stage; but the evidence on which to form an opinion as to the duration of this stage of a planet's history is too slight to be the basis of actual calculation.

Here, as Tyndall has remarked, "conjecture must entirely cease."

But, by considering only two stages—the fiery stage and the life-bearing, or rather that portion of the life-bearing stage through which the earth has hitherto passed—we find the two monstrous time differences—180,000,000 and 60,000,000, or 240,000,000 years in all.

They mean that, if our assumption as to the effect of Jupiter's superior mass is correct, then, supposing Jupiter and the earth to have started into existence as distinct orbs at the same or nearly the same time, 240,000,000 years must elapse before Jupiter will reach the stage of planetary life through which our earth is now passing.

Whether the assumption be correct or not, the time differences between the stages of Jupiter's life and the earth's are of this order. They must be measured by tens of millions if not by hundreds of millions of years. We must note, however that the 240,000,000 years correspond with only a seventh part of that time in the earth's history; so that we may say that, if our assumptions are correct, Jupiter would now be in the state in which our earth was 31,000,000 years ago, or nearer the beginning than the end of the fiery stages.

IMPORTANT EVENTS.—Following are the names of some of the important events that have happened in American history up to the present century. 1640. First printing press. 1649. Men are commanded to wear short hair. 1704. First newspaper printed at Boston. 1706. Coffee is tasted. 1710. Tea is tried, but taxation makes it costly. 1711. Post-office started. 1721. Potatoes planted as a curiosity. 1740. Tinware manufactured. 1756. Benjamin Franklin invented the very useful lightning rod. 1760. First attempt at fashion. Collars are worn on shirts and chalses appear. 1765. Liberty talked of. No more using of stamped paper. 1770. Wooden clocks made. 1773. Trouble begins about tea; chests of it thrown into Boston harbor. 1774. The streets of Boston are lighted with oil-lamps. 1780. Umbrellas used by few rich people, and much laughed at. 1792. Silk worms raised, and in a few houses silk carpets are seen. 1795-1800. Pantaloons take the place of breeches for ordinary wear, and plates are used at breakfast and tea.

THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.—A notorious scamp, much affected in a revival, once went to Jonathan Edwards, and said to him, in the religious parlance of the time: "I realize that I am the chief of sinners." "Glad to hear it," said the dominie; "your neighbors have long realized it." "I feel," persisted the whining penitent, "that I am willing to be damned for the glory of God." "Well," replied the hard-hearted preacher, "I don't know anybody around here who would have the slightest objection."

STEALING WOOD.—Henry Steer, of Stockton, Cal., noticed recently that his wood was being stolen and he resolved to catch the thief. He loaded several of the sticks with giant powder and the next morning they were gone, but he soon ascertained where they had been removed to, as a loud explosion occurred in the house of an old negro woman living in the neighborhood. The woman was blown out of the doorway and the stove was completely wrecked.

Facetiæ.

What word is pronounced wrong even by the best scholars? Wrong.

A marked man—The fellow who sits down on a newly-painted stoop.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

Put yourself in your enemy's place, but first ascertain what the place is worth.

Wells' **"Kough on Corns."** 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure, corns, warts, bunions.

What man is allowed to sit before the queen with his hat on? Her coachman.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1.

Seeing is not believing. There are many men you can see and yet cannot believe.

The Following Letter Speaks for Itself.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3, 1882.

WILLIAM J. PHILLIPS, Esq., President American District Telegraph Company:

DEAR SIR:—Quite a serious fire having originated last evening between seven and eight o'clock, under the floor of the dining-room of the premises 1627 Spruce street, I called into service the Fire Department of the American District Telegraph Company. The alarm was answered with great promptness, and the fire was soon extinguished.

I desire to return my sincere thanks to your company for the admirable efficiency of the service rendered, and especially to call attention to the excellent management and courtesy of your officers, Amberger and Hess, who deserve great commendation.

I am, respectfully yours,

JAMES W. HAZELHURST.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 36 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE Post.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED

The SUREST CURE for

KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed. As it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE MILD POWER

CURES

HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

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LADIES of the WHITE HOUSE

The ONLY Book of the kind ever pub'd

NEW EDITION. A HISTORY of every Administration from Washington to the present time, with over 20 Steel Portraits of Ladies of the White House, with views of many of the Homes of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. Agents Wanted—Send for Circulars, with full particulars, to

BRADLEY & CO. 63 N. 4th St. PHILAD'A.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 103 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

$100 to $250 per month guaranteed sure; a positive success to Agents everywhere selling our new braided SILVER MOULD WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINE. Will last a lifetime and never rust. Pleases at sight. Everybody buys them. Samples free. Show to your friends and be convinced. Address GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philada., Pa.

A RICH NEW BOOK.

"CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE." Also "WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW." Most liberal terms to active agents. FIRESIDE PUB. CO., P. O. Box 61. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of 50 cents. Do not fail to order. Also 5½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Prize Circ'r free. Cards 4S. 50 S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS can make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 107 Pearl Street, New York.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Beatty's Organs and Pianofortes.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOUSE IN AMERICA.

As the time is approaching when many will buy something handsome for HOLIDAY, Birthday or Wedding Presents, I beg to announce that nothing can be more suitable than an ORGAN or PIANOFORTE. Before you make a purchase write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE showing elegant styles at lowest prices. DO NOT BUY ELSEWHERE until you SEND FOR HOLIDAY CIRCULARS, NOW READY. Valuable information to the retail buyer. ☞ If you have no time to write a letter send a postal any way.

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY,

BEATTY'S MANUFACTORY, Railroad Ave. & Beatty St. | BEATTY'S OFFICES AND WAREROOMS, Beatty Building, Washington Ave.

WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, United States of America.

"The Largest Organ and Piano Establishment in Existence."

While as a rule over the doors of other manufactories you read "Positively No Admittance, &c.," over Beatty's you read "VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME."

THE BEST

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $30 to $50 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., ERIE, PA.

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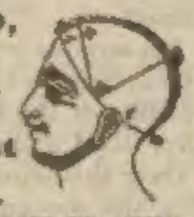
Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nick.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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SEWING MACHINES, Needles, Parts, Attachments, Sewing Machine Findings, etc.

LUFKIN BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES, NATIONAL BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

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$1. SWISS ORGAN $1.

Known as the Tyrolean Music Box; eight tunes as follows: "Nearer My God to Thee," "Sweet By and By," "Down in a Coal Mine," "Grandfather's Clock," "Hold the Fort," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." I will send the Swiss Organ by mail, postpaid, to every reader of this paper, on receipt of One Dollar, or Three Organs for Two Dollars.

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WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE,

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 36-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

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☞Send for circular about Waste Embroidery, 10c. per oz.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $35.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

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PRICE, $25.00.

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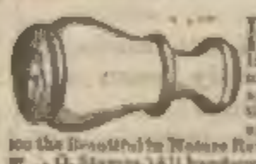

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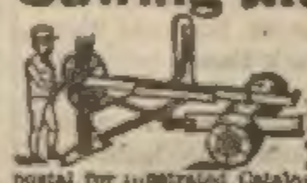

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Is the cheapest and best. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs fast and easy. Sent on test trial. Send postal for illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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Lowest prices ever known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1883-84.

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CLEOPATRA'S SECRET.

Develops the Bust. Success guaranteed in every instance, or money refunded. Sealed particulars, 6c.

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YOUR NAME

Printed on 50 Extra Large Chromos in nine colors, 1xx board. French and Swiss Scrolls, remembrance & Good Luck, Germans, Floral, Motto, and Verse Cards. Name in fancy script type, 10c. 14 packs $1. ☞ Our Beautiful bound Book of 100 styles for 1883, 25c. Beveled Price List with each order. Illustrated premium List, 5c. Address, S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.

YOUR NAME In Elegant Script Type, on 50 beautiful imported chromo cards, 10c. 14 pks. $1. 20 pearl bevel gilt edged cards with lapped corners, 10c. Agents' large album containing all the latest styles of imported bevel edge and satin fringe cards, with illustrated premium list & private terms to agents, 25c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn. CARDS

DON'T FORGET Where to Send for 50 very best NEW CARDS, just issued for 1883, for 10c. 15 packs $1. All Chromos. The loveliest fancy designs ever seen. For cheapness in quality is our aim. Name in new style type. Sample Book of all styles, Bevel Edge Imported Holiday and Birthday Cards, with 24 page Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Outfit 10c. E. F. EATON & CO., Northford, Conn.

$6.25 for 39 cts.

Any one sending me 39 cents and the addresses of 10 acquaintances will receive by return mail goods (not recipes) that sets $6.25. This is an honest offer to introduce staple goods. If you want a fortune, act now. J. D. HENRY, P. O. Box 127, BUFFALO, N. Y.

$1.85 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—$3.15 BUYS an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Cases, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

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LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

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50 All New Chromo Cards for '83, name on 10c, or 40 Gold and Silver 10c. J. D. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THIS is the age of trimming; we adorn our persons, our houses, our gardens with scrupulous care; we devote much time and much talent to the prefection of the art of decoration, and by so doing we give employment to thousands who, without such employ, would languish in poverty.

The time for solid simplicity has not yet returned, nor is likely to return; au contraire, we are advancing as a people in our artistic tastes, and each day brings new evidence of our improvement in manufacture.

Dress being our special province, we are apt to notice all details relating to personal adornment with particular attention, but even the most indifferent observer must notice the beauty of the dress and mantle trimmings now introduced.

Chenille trimmings, which are as soft and light as feathers, are made in an endless variety, while the beautiful passementeries in satin cord and in bead work deserve the name of embroidery more than of passementerie.

The new designs for braiding, and the passementeries which imitate braiding, are in exquisite taste, and can be applied with ease to costumes of cloth, velvet, and velveteen.

This style of passementerie is equally useful for trimming a new dress or for refreshing one of last year.

But in the employment of all kinds of trimming I would especially warn my readers against over-trimming.

The Russia braid passementeries are, of course, the newest kind of ornaments; these can be had in various designs by the yard for application on the jacket or dress, where they look precisely as if the braided design were worked on the material; sets of jacket ornaments are also made in the same way, and are a great boon to those who have no time to work them.

For soirees, dresses covered with white lace flounces, with the corsage and paniers of velvet or plush, are much used, this being an excellent manner of renovating a half-worn pink, cream, white, or blue surah skirt.

Surahs of two shades, with immense chequers in scabious, hortensia, old-pink, delf-red, trimmed with velvet of a dark shade, are fanciful dresses much worn for the same purpose.

A pink chequered surah has large paniers edged with a wide band of dark-pink velvet, the train and loops of ribbon on the skirt being of the same velvet.

The chequers are enormous, increasing the fantastic appearance of the whole costume.

Another style, more serious but handsomer, for dinners and soirees, is the toilette of velvet, black, or seal-brown, the front of satin with velvet flowers in relief, each flower encircled with a row of beads to match, producing an exceedingly rich effect.

This new method of beading, though so fashionable for evening dresses, is also much used for very rich confections and visiting dresses of brocho velvet.

A long mantle of seal-brown velvet brocho, the flowers outlined with these beads in shaded brown and amber, and edged with thick chenille fur or triple fringe, is peculiarly handsome and elegant, and will obtain a signal success this winter.

There is a strong leaning at present towards striped materials for evening wear in the fashionable world, the newest being gros-grains with satin stripes, and velvet pekins, alternately plain and ottoman velvet, this last promising to be the flower of winter novelties.

Plush will renew its last year's triumphs, though, of course, new varieties have also appeared.

There is the mazarin plush, with short pile, sprinkled with large velvet-like flowers in relief, the favorite material for heavy winter mantles.

They will be trimmed with costly furs or wide bands of triple chenille fringe, or bands of feathers of all shades, not less costly but more fanciful than furs.

Ondine plushes with short pile, striped diagonally with longer-haired bands, will be used for long paletots, pelisses, and redingotes, and will combine with the above mentioned striped gros grains for evening costumes in the following style: the skirt of ondine plush crenelated over narrow plestings of gros grain faille, the tablier and train of pekin gros-grain, and the robings and paniers of plush.

The braided and embroidered mantles, both pelisses and circular cloaks, are also novelties this season, the two kinds of work being often united to ornament mantles of armure and satin bordered with fur, or its favorite substitute, escallier plush.

The prevalence of silken materials does not, however, altogether distroy the prestige of cloth, on the contrary, some of the most lady-like mantles are of brown, green, or black, plain or ottoman cloth, richly braided and bordered with fur.

These vetements long and decidedly comfortable for cold days.

Velvet and velveteen play a conspicuous part in winter attire, and skirts of velvet, with little or no trimming, are worn with draperies and tunics of all sorts of woolen materials, a very convenient fashion, as a black velvet or good velveteen skirt serves very well for the foundation of several toilets.

Another convenient fashion is that of the dress scarves, which are sold in infinite varieties of color, and are a great help to renovate an old dress, or to brighten up one of neutral tint.

Embroidered velvet skirts with wide ruche below, look very pretty with polonaises or panier tunics of different material; thus, for example:

A skirt of brown velvet with pleating of the same, about nine inches deep, the upper part lined with gold-colored satin, put on the skirt in a very full double box-pleat, and stiched on about four inches from the top of the flounce, so that by drawing down and fastening the top of each pleat, the effect of a pleated flounce headed by a ruche is gained.

Let anyone try what a pretty trimming this makes for the bottom of a skirt, the heading of the flounce being as I said before, lined with colored silk or satin.

Over this trimming is an embroidery in silk, the design yellow chrysanthemums with bronze green leaves in little bunches about six inches apart.

The tunic with this is of green, gold, and brown brocade, with very full paniers, pointed bodices, and tight sleeves slashed with gold satin at the shoulder and elbow, fastened with enamelled buttons.

Braided skirts and tunics are very much worn, and gimp and embroidery in jet and beads, upon satin skirts, while in some rather elaborate toilets one sees designs of birds and insects worked in beads and floselle.

The style of making winter costumes is not very elaborate, the plain skirts and short tunics being more popular than any other make.

Sleeves are narrow and full on the shoulder, paniers end in long straight pieces behind, very often undraped, while cords and tassels are used to loop the fulness at back of skirt, corresponding one edging the bodice; and a pretty way to make the paniers is in three pieces in folds, one of which crosses the front, while the two others come from the sides, and are merged into the back drapery.

One of heather mixture serge with a strong dash of red in it, is made with skirt of wide double pleats from top to bottom, just showing a narrow red kilting, which makes a sort of balayeuse.

The bodice is a pointed one, back and front, with full paniers corded with red at the edge gathered fully upon it, drawn in with a bow of red watered ribbon in front, and looped rather high at the back of the bodice, to fall in straight ends.

The sleeves are quite plain, buttoning some way down at the outside seam, with colored metal buttons with a tiny frill of red at the wrist.

A small drawn cape lined with red and fastened with a bow in front finishes it, and the hat is a brownish felt, pointed back and front, with tuft of red feathers and aigrette at the side.

Another dress is of bronze brown cashmere and soft silk, striped with three colors—bronze, turquoise, and gold.

The skirt is of the latter, with only a ruche at the bottom, and the tunic or drapery and bodice are of the former. The bodice fastens behind, and the panier drapery is very prettily arranged. The long straight ones which form it, is drawn up in front, pleated with full folds high up at the back, let loose from there to fall straight to the top of the flounce, so as to make a sort of long loop, which is filled in by a wide sash of silk fastened upon the tail of the bodice.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

PAINTING on glass still retains its popularity. Mirrors of all sizes, circular stands for flower vases, the panels and doors of cabinets, glass flower pots with four sides, the "jambs" of a mantelshelf, the front of a cottage piano, and many other ornamental articles are decorated with painted glass.

The designs are usually floral, bold and effective, and the work is carried out in oil paints, laid on tolerably thick, and without any preparation.

In a fashionable boudoir I saw recently the strips of glass between the windows painted with a few detached sprays of red tuconia and leaves, and the mirror over a console table had a large spray painted on the left side, with tendrils and small leaves straying up and partially across, and the effect was decidedly pretty.

At a dinner party recently, a strip of looking-glass, a little over half a yard in width, was laid in the centre of the table, painted all round the edge with waterlilies, grass, and leaves, with a few bulrushes at the corners.

The centre piece with green and white flowers, had a wreath painted round it on the strip of glass.

The other dishes, all slightly raised, containing the fruit, cakes, and bonbons rested on the unpainted part.

A smaller piece of glass, laid just in the centre of the table, under a lamp or vase, and painted, looks well.

It is not necessary to paint very carefully, the general effect being most aimed at. Pieces of looking-glass can be cut into shapes, and fitted into the backs of plush and velvet brackets, with a piece of ribbon-velvet tightly fastened across the edges, or into the back of a blotting case or photograph album, and painted with a spray of flowers or birds or any design.

I was lately shown two circular pieces of glass, bound with velvet, and backed with gold paper, in the style of the old passe-partout photograph frames; they were suspended by velvet bows, and had a lovely face painted in oils on each.

Toilet mirrors have now occasionally plain straight borderings of glass let into unvarnished wood, and painted with flowers.

Other mirrors have bands of embroidered velvet or satin laid on to the plain, straight woodwork.

Similar embroidery is worked on a wider band, which borders the edge of the toilet cover. Loops of ribbon of the colors in the work, fall very long, from the two front corners of the table, the "skirt" being of flounces of washing lace, figured net, or muslin.

Sunflowers hold their own in artistic work, and very large single ones, without stalk or leaves, form the centre of cushions and circular foot stools.

They are worked in either arrasene or crewels, and are affective. A brown satin quilt, had one of large sunflowers worked in each corner, with a wreath of smaller ones in the centre, incircling a large monogram worked in sunflowers, each about the size of an ox-eyed daisy.

The monogram composed of these miniature flowers closely put together was extremely effective.

The same had been worked in ox-eyed daisies, on a ruby velvet ground, for a banner screen, which hung from one side of a mantel border of red velvet, embroidered with one large spray of daisies and brambles.

This is a somewhat novel style, and is carried out on the little fireplace curtains as well as on the valances and wall brackets. On the curtains the design rises from the base, and strays upwards.

Ornamental work can be made out of discolored blankets that have become unsightly from continual washings and long wear. They can be dyed to any desired color, cut up into a variety of sizes and shapes, and by being embroidered in silk, crewel, or chenilles, or applique with colored cloth, made into various articles of decoration.

A carriage rug was dyed dark blue, bound with velveteen of a deeper shade, and embroidered in four corners with sunflowers. A mantel valance, of dark green, had poppies coarsely worked with one petal raised by means of cardboard, and turned back. The wool was passed over and over, in its correct shades, till the card was completely covered, fastened to the poppy, and then again lightly to the valance. This was only done here and there, but it was most effective.

A perambulator cover of ruby had wild roses on it. A coverlid was of alternate stripes of red velveteen and red blanket, with a running pattern of jessamine worked on the velveteen, and stars of very dark red arrasene on the blanket. These are a few uses to which old blankets are put, and there are others which may suggest themselves, such as panels of screens, portieres, mats for baths, and window hangings, etc.

Ornamental plates look their best when placed on small velvet-covered easels, surrounded by a twisted length of soft silk, either plain or edged with narrow silk fringe.

This silk length is passed over one upright support at the top behind the tallest, centre one, over the third showing the point, and allowed to fall over the edges of the plate on both sides, then twisted loosely along the bottom and knotted over to one side.

On a mantelshelf, two handsome plates on these easels, with the scarf twisted on opposite sides are very effective, especially in red. When the photograph of a friend or relation is on the plate, and painted (as is sometimes seen), it is a good way of showing off. Some wooden frames are carved to look like open compasses and rules; they are usually mounted on velvet. The common cheap carved frames and brackets look well when gilded and put on to velvet.

Correspondence.

ROSE, (Paterson, N. J.)—We will try.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

J. R., (Butte, Cal.)—The names are there. Write to the Secretary of War, asking information.

MAGGIE E. C., (White Bluff, Ark.)—It is a matter about which you had better see a doctor.

S. L. H., (Augusta, Va.)—It will look better longer if you frame it with glass, and it is much more easily cleaned.

W. A. H., (Lynchburg, Va.)—One of the best solutions of the 100-puzzle is yours. 4 and 9 equals 17, 58, 22, 3, 4 makes 100.

J. K., (Fort Omaha, Nev.)—The New York *Grocer* is the paper you require. 2. Your handwriting looks like copper plate.

MRS. H., (Napoleon, Mich.)—We know nothing positively as to their reliability, but think you had better not have anything to do with them.

T. I. O., (Tirosa, Tex.)—Texas was originally called the New Philippines. Both names are Spanish. We do not know the meaning of the former.

M. H., (St. Louis, Mo.)—You might write and ask if it would be agreeable for you to call. Merely neglecting to invite you to call again means nothing one way or the other.

Gertie R., (West Point, N. Y.)—We see no harm in it. One of the most eminent writers in New York married his stepdaughter. If you are satisfied it is nobody else's business.

JAKEY, (Kingston, N. C.)—Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Estes & Lauriat, Boston, Appleton & Co., New York; Grigg & Co., would be able to supply all the books you want.

HARRY M., (Cincinatti, O.)—You are nervous and bashful. Continue going into company, and the feeling will bear off in time. You write like a person that should be able to talk, and to talk well in company. There is no book that will improve you.

L. T. H., (Wickes, M. T.)—Captains McClintock and Hall at different times solved the mystery surrounding Sir John Franklin's death in the Arctic regions. 2. The cause of the Northern Lights is not understood by science. When they prevail it is a sign that there is a great deal of electricity in the air.

N. C., (Coxsackie, N. Y.)—The words mean: Short studies on the figure and its composition. 2. It means "prayer." 3. "The Court of Death" is an allegorical picture where disease, war, famine, pestilence, and other things producing death are painted as though they were persons or courtiers of King Death.

CHARLES H., (Springfield, O.)—They are matters of special agreement between publisher and composer. In fact, all you wish to know may be answered in the above. There is no general rule, the circumstances possibly differing in each case. 2. Yes. They mostly use their real names. 3. Take the song to any teacher of music. He would arrange it for a consideration.

RETTIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You want to know how to receive and entertain company. The request covers a great deal of ground, and we should have preferred that you had mentioned what kind of company you have in your eye; young or old, single or married, etc., so that we can have some ground on which to work, and if you will send us further particulars, Miss Rettie, we will endeavor to answer them to your satisfaction.

E. E. R., (Lacon, Ill.)—There was nothing wrong in the way you walked with the young ladies. In fact, if it was the habit of pedestrians to take that side of the street in walking opposite to the way you were going, you properly took the inside. 2. Your handwriting needs improving very much. 3. The young men might properly shake hands when introduced to each other. It makes no difference if he goes before or behind. 4. Claxton & Co., Publishers, this city, will procure the book you desire.

NINA, (Kalamazoo, Mich.)—"Pais" is a noun, and French for "country." 2. "Ipso nomine" is Latin, and as used in Webster means the word "extreme;" extreme itself would prevent the cases being generalizable. 3. There is such a place, consequently the word is legitimate. "Mira" is also Latin, and means "wonderful" or "striking." 4. "Prima materia" are two words, and mean literally the "first matter." 5. This question we cannot understand. 6. Yes. 7. No. Look up their meanings. 8. "Mons" is Latin, and means mount or mountain. 9. We do not understand you.

BUTTERCUP, (Shelburne, Mass.)—Under the circumstances unless she knew him very well, she should not give him her photograph at all, and certainly not before he fulfilled the agreement and gave his. 2. The remark would mean nothing more than that he was inclined to meddle in and to bother about what was not his business. It is worse to have the disposition to criticise such things than to give cause for the criticism. 3. Read anything good, history, standard poetry and fiction, essays, miscellany, etc. 4. Brainard's Musical Monthly, published in Cleveland, O., would suit you.

ADMIRER, (Armstrong, Pa.)—By obtaining the young lady's consent, but in no other way. You wrongly describe your feelings by calling it love, when you seek "consistently and honorably" to withdraw that love. It is not love at all; probably nothing more than mere conceit. If the young lady by her conduct had forfeited any claim to your love, then it would be consistent and honorable on your part to throw her overboard without more ado. But we infer from your language that she has done nothing of the kind; you simply wish to throw her off, yet want to do this "consistently and honorably;" that is to say that in "withdrawing" your love you are doing the young lady a great wrong, and are afraid to brave public opinion. Your case seems to be this: you have never loved the young lady, but at one time made her believe that you did so, and by such seeming on your part you have gained her love, which you now thrust from you. Mind, we do not say that you should marry the young lady: better not, if you feel in reality that you do not love her; yet you have done her an injury that time itself may never repair. But do not play the sneak and the coward now. Go to her and tell her in a frank and manly manner the true state of your feelings, and leave your case in her hands. She will at once, if she is a lady of proper feeling, which we take her to be, relieve you from your promise.